

Nov 1911

Vol 10. No. 1

HAND & MIND



THANKSGIVING



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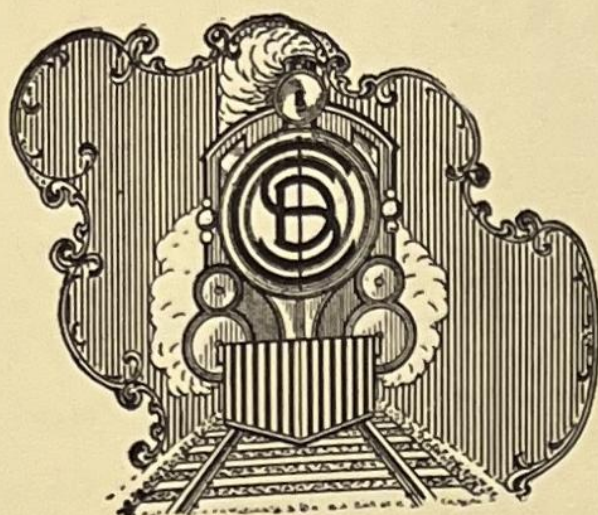
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# HAND AND MIND

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NO. 1

HAND AND MIND is a Magazine published monthly for, and by, the students of the McKinley Manual Training School and its alumni.

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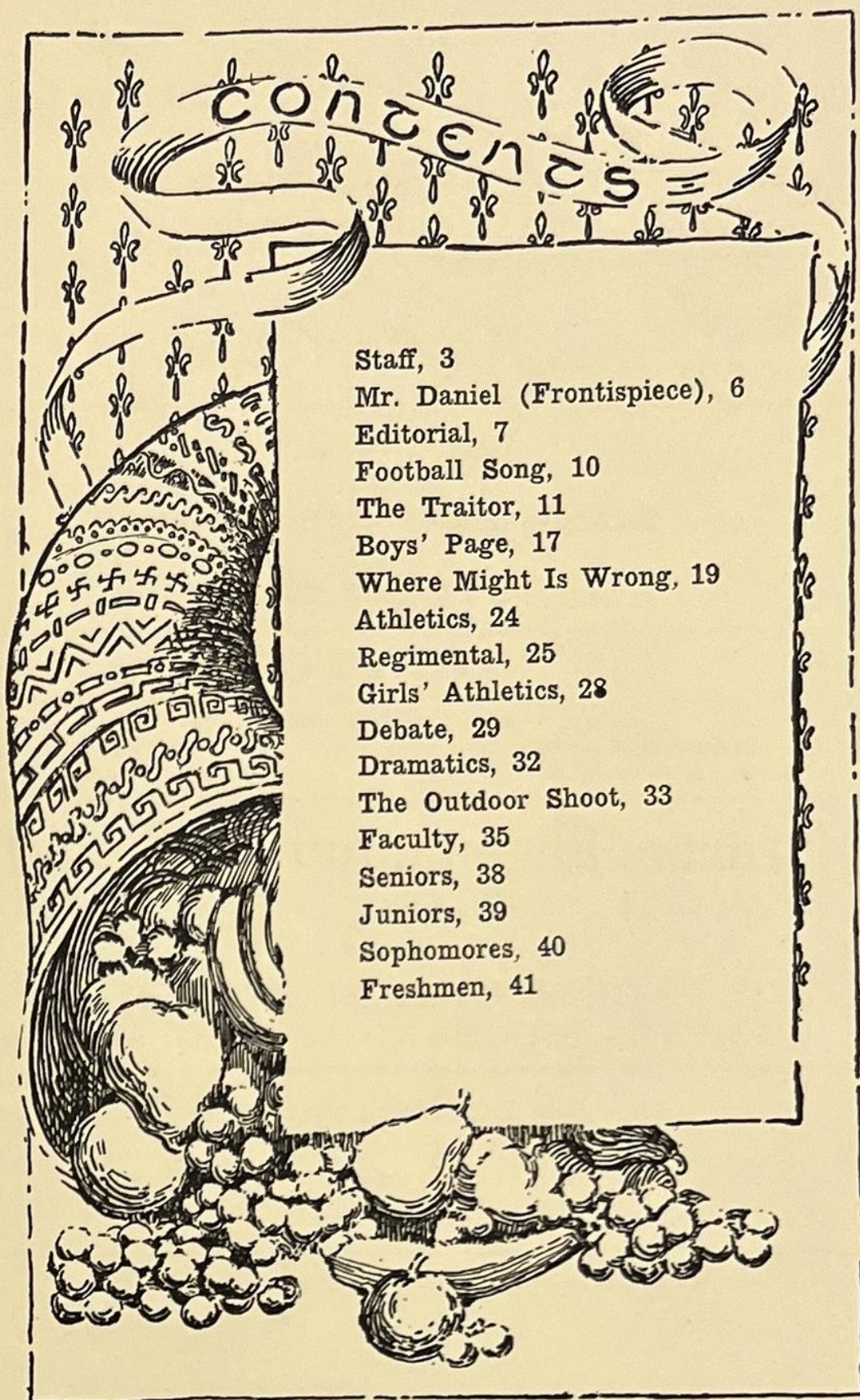
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"Da last rose ob subber  
Has vandished away;  
And da firsd cold ob widder  
Has struck be to stay."

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# Hand and Mind

VOL. 10

NOVEMBER, 1911

NO. 1



**S**HORTLY before the opening of school this year, the members of Tech were startled by the announcement of the unexpected resignation of Dr. George E. Myers, our former principal. Dr. Myers was simultaneously offered two similar positions, one by the State of Wisconsin, and the other by the State of Kansas. He chose

the latter, and left us to become head of the Normal Manual Training School, at Pittsburg, Kansas.

Dr. Myers came to Tech in 1906, when the school occupied its original two-by-four structure, consisting of what is at present the main stairway and front steps. Since his accession the school has grown to its present magnificent proportions and prestige.

With the departure of Dr. Myers the school has lost a good friend, one who always had the good of the school at heart, and who, more than any other person, made this school the institution that it is today.

Our new principal, Mr. Frank C. Daniel, is a Washington man and a thorough Techite.

Mr. Daniel's younger days were whiled away in the graded schools here, where he "garnered priceless stores of ancient wisdom rare," or at least we guess he did; at any rate, in the allotted time he was graduated from the grades, and received his diploma signed by Strong John Thompson, his eighth grade teacher, a man whom many a Washingtonian will gladly recall.



Mr. Daniel then entered Central High School, taking the Technical course. He got the "Tech" bug early you see, and, far from recovering, he has been getting it more seriously ever since.

While at Central he distinguished himself, in his third year, by becoming a cadet captain—they sometimes did such things in those days—and was assigned to Company D. This, however, was one of D's off-years; even Mr. Daniel could not prevent the flag from going to another school. In the natural course of events he was made Colonel and at the end of the year he was graduated.

The rest of his education, so far as that which he obtained at school is concerned, was acquired at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated with the degrees of Bachelor of Science, and Master of Arts.

Mr. Daniel then began his career as a teacher. He taught first at Eastern High School; but when Tech was started, in 1902, he was "right there," and "there" he has remained ever since.

We are, indeed fortunate to have as a principal one who has been with us for so many years, rather than a stranger, who must, before he can competently direct the complex mechanism of a great school, become acquainted with new conditions and new people.

Mr. Daniel's prominent position among the faculty, for so long, has placed him in a position to know, as no one else can know, what the school needs, and how best to obtain it.

Mr. Daniel's interest in the various school activities, particularly in the batallion, and in athletics, can not help but advance our standing to an even greater extent than formerly. The school realizes that its new head is imbued with the spirit of determination, that he is true to his convictions, and that he means everything he says.



## Look! Prize Offers!

**T**WO prizes, of five dollars each, will be awarded to the persons submitting the best poem, and the best story, before, or on, the first Monday in February, 1912. All material must be typewritten, and signed by a pen name. In the envelope containing the poem or story must be a sealed envelope containing the pen name and the real name. Any story or poem not complying with all these requirements will be disregarded.





## A Football Song

(Music and Words Adapted from an Amherst College Song)

**C**OME and sing, all ye good McKinley men,  
Come and give a rousing cheer.  
Join our line as we march along so fine,  
With hearts that know no fear.  
Left and right, 'neath our flag, the red and gray,  
We will march in bold array.  
So everybody shout and sing, for we're the McKinley High.

### CHORUS:

Cheer for old Tech, boys! McKinley must win!  
Fight to the finish; never give in.  
All play your best, boys,  
We'll do the rest, boys,  
Fight for the victory.

**S**OON our foe shall our strength in conflict know,  
Soon our power they shall feel.  
Vanquished then by the good McKinley men,  
Whose cords are strong as steel.  
Then let's hear ringing out another cheer  
Which will drive defeat away.  
So everybody shout and sing, for we're the McKinley High.



## The Traitor

### An Unrecorded Incident of the Gunpowder Plot

By F. F. NESBIT, '13



HE night was dark and stormy, the street narrow and ill-lit, and few indeed were those who would trust themselves alone in London-town in those troublous times of sixteen hundred and four. But measured steps were heard in the silent, deserted street; and soon there passed under the smoky lamp before the Inn of the Blue Boar, a tall figure wrapped closely in a dark cloak; but his jeweled cap and masterful stride showed him to be a man of position. He had gone but a few paces, his head bent in thought, when there was a sudden rush of men with drawn swords from a nearby passage. The stranger's rapier was out in a flash, and backing quickly against a wall, he defended himself with all his strength and skill. One of the ruffians had fallen and another was sorely wounded, but a blood spot showed on his own doublet and numbers were telling against him gravely. His strength was nearly spent, when, with a clatter of hoofs, a troop of horsemen swept down the street, and quickly drove the robbers to cover.

When the stranger had recovered himself, he stepped forward and warmly grasped the hand of his deliverer, who sat on his horse silently before the Blue Boar Inn, surrounded by his retainers.



"Good sir, more than my thanks—"

"Enough," cried the horseman curtly, "save your thanks for one more worthy of them. I must be off at once on pressing business. I am content to have succored one in distress. I bid you farewell."

"But whom have I to thank for my life?" cried the stranger, "Your name, sir, I pray you."

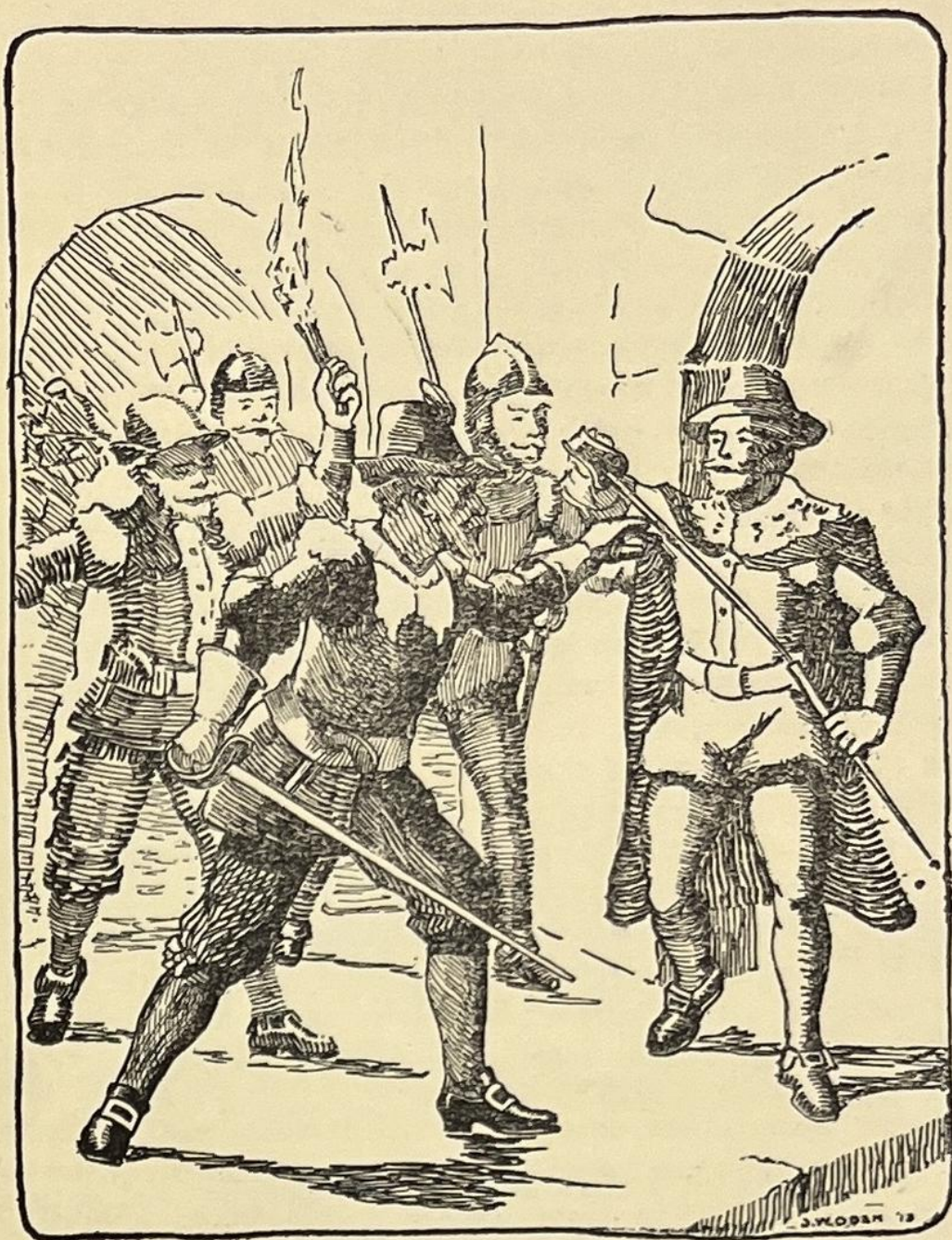
"No matter, friend," cried the horseman, as his party clattered down the street, "but remember me by the sign of the Blue Boar. You stand indebted for your life. Farewell," and he was gone.

"The sign of the Blue Boar," murmured the stranger as he hurried homeward, "and I stand indebted for my life,—yes, for my life."

A year had passed. A storm raged round the Spy-Glass Inn at Bristol. The wind whistled around the ill-fitting shutters, and shook the heavy iron lamps before the door in impotent rage, while a driving rain smote fiercely on the many-paned windows. But in the main room of the Inn, a fire glowed brightly in the great fireplace, and cast ruddy, flickering shadows over the face of the room's only occupant. He was a tall man of middle age, whose strong and determined features were framed by a profusion of black curls, and a collar of rich lace. This, together with his well-cut clothes of sombre hue, showed him to be of no mean estate.

From time to time he rose, and in defiance of the raging wind and driving rain, stepped outdoors and gazed intently along the drenched road, which led to London. He returned from the last of these excursions frowning blackly, and muttered, "Dabert is late tonight. I pray that evil tidings have withheld."







Soon the splash of hoofs and a loud cry announced the arrival of the expected messenger. He entered the room hurriedly in his dripping garments. His face was pale even in the glow of the firelight.

"Speak, man! Speak, in Heaven's name! Why are you so late? What has happened?" cried the occupant of the room.

"The plot has been discovered, and the block stares us all in the face. Fawkes and the gunpowder with the fuses set have been seized. The Privy Council has a list of the conspirators and—"

"Stop! It is enough! All gone and the block stares us in the face!"

"Here is a letter from Catesby explaining all, and he beseeches you to fly while you may. As I left him, there passed up the way Captain Pothero and a detachment of the King's Guard, to seize him. All London is in arms. Fly while the way is open; save yourself and you may be able to help our poor friends. Fly! I beseech you!"

The other was silent for a moment, with bowed head. Then he slowly broke the seals and read the letter. He raised his face, lined and aged in a moment by the cold fingers of Grief, and said, "No, there yet remains another duty. I must go." And wrapping his heavy cloak around him he passed out into the storm. ¶ A few minutes' struggle with wind and rain brought him to the postern of a great castle. After some parley he was admitted and led through endless echoing passages, whose cold walls and inky darkness whispered in his unwilling ears of dungeons and chains.

He was announced at last in my lord's chamber and entered at once. It was a long, high-ceilinged room, panelled in oak. Its walls were decorated with coats-of-arms, and with dark-framed portraits of stern-visaged men, who looked down impassively on



the scene of their former glory. As he entered the room the faces one and all seemed to look at him menacingly. He trembled as with cold and turned towards his intended victim. This was a young man of slight build, fashionably, almost foppishly dressed. He stood before a fire of coals, his white hand resting lightly on a heavy oak table, which was reflected as in a mirror, by the polished floor. The young man's white, wax-like face was devoid of expression, and but for the slight movement of the rich lace at his throat he might have been devoid of life.

As the door closed, he turned languidly from his contemplation of the fire and said in a low voice, "Well?"

"Lord Lindsay, Earl of Moray?" said his visitor inquiringly.

"At your pleasure," answered the earl without interest.

His visitor advanced menacingly toward him. "So you are our betrayer," he cried. "It is upon your head that the curses of a hundred dying men will be heaped. And for gold, for gold, like the Judas that you are, you have betrayed your religion, your oath and your friends. You—," he stopped in the middle of the room overcome by his wrath.

The young lord eyed his visitor carefully for a minute, and then with a lift of his eyebrows said, "Well?"

"Well! It had been well for England had you never been born. But why waste words. I, Harold Greenway, am among those who must suffer for your falsity, traitor, and in the name of your oath and by the authority of our leader, I am here to kill you." The avenger advanced with a long dirk in his hand.

"Stop!" cried the earl in such an authoritative tone that Greenway drew back instinctively. "You owe me a score, Master Greenway. Remember the sign of the Blue Boar—will you pay?"

¶ "The sign of the Blue Boar—ah, yes! I stand indebted for my life—a score to be paid—yes, a score."



"If you are a man of honor, you will pay now. I demand payment."

"The stranger stood motionless in the center of the room, his mind a battle-ground for his conflicting emotions. A less scrupulous man would not have considered it, but he—"if you are a man of honor."

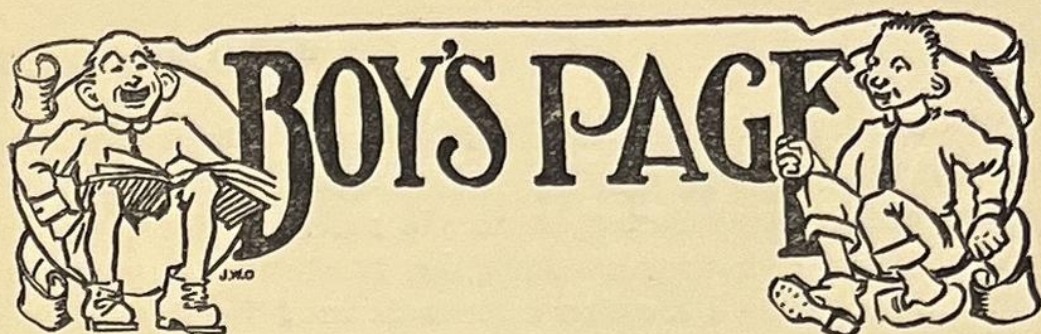
The room was silent, save for the dropping of coals in the grate. Lord Lindsay looked at him unsmilingly now, intent, alert, but he did not move. The fire flickered, the shadows wavered tremulously, like the ghosts of dead things, thronging the room, and yet no motion, no sign from Greenway.

"Well?" queried the earl.

The other stirred, as one awaking from a dream, and shivered. "I came here to kill you," he said slowly. "You have saved my life. I cannot kill you. I cannot go away without killing you. There is but one way. So be it!" He paused; the great bell of the castle struck twice, and as the last vibration died away, he plunged the dagger into his own heart. He had paid the score.

In the record of Mr. Secretary Johnstone, entrusted by King James with the execution of the conspirators, we find this entry: December 14, 1605—Master Harold Greenway, a most traitorous conspirator and a man without honor, did this day kill himself for fear of punishment.





Always carry a pocket comb. If it is not windy, and your hair stays parted, you can always use it to play a little tune on while the teacher is out of the room.



Brothers, Beware! We take this opportunity to notify the brothers of all fair Techites to lock up their wardrobes, for their sisters are planning a raid. They have discovered that from a pair of trousers two lovely skirts can be fashioned, and that one of those nice long coats will make a hat "just too sweet for anything," especially is it has a pink necktie draped about it. Incidentally, if you happen to have a bathrobe, hide it. These heavy brown overcoats for girls are all the rage now.

Mr. Smith is right when he says it is a bad plan to "study far into the night." A good idea is to put the alarm clock on the table and set it 45 minutes in advance of when you really want to stop. Better see Mr. Smith for further advice.

On second thought it really would never do for the boys to go in and out the Marion street entrance. They might get mixed up and start hunting for Marion herself.





If you have one of those dull looking faces, by all means get some Putz-pomade (no, boys, this isn't pumice stone), and a soft cham-ois, and shine it up before appearing in class.



He—I'm rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling.

She—Yes?

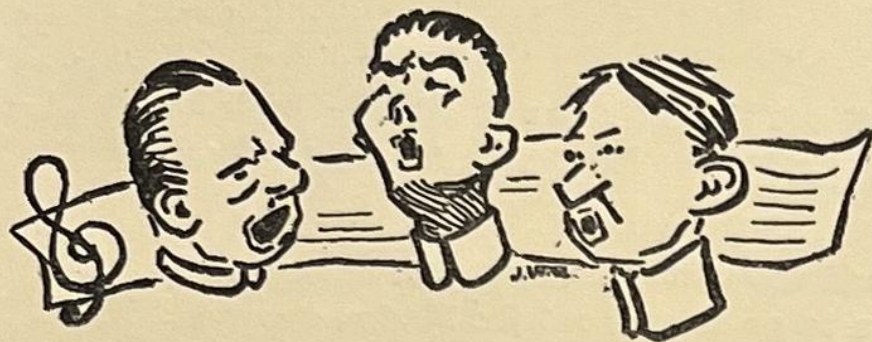
He—Yes, indeed. Take parlour for instance. Having "u" in it makes all the difference in the world.

Inscription on the board in study hall 105:

Ham and eggs, two bits.

Chicken, one bone.

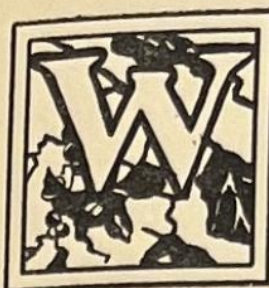
Reminds us that our lunch room is soon to open.





## Where Might Is Wrong

By Norman P. Moore



WHEN Richard Nielson wrote to me of his desire to come to New York, I was very glad, for he and I had been chums at the University. I remembered that after he had been graduated he had isolated himself up in the Maine mountains for the purpose of working out some chemical notions of his own; he had specialized in analytical chemistry. For three years I had not seen him, although I had heard from him occasionally. In this last letter he told me that he was working on his greatest problem; that for many reasons he could best carry on that work in the city; and that he would like me to secure for him a small laboratory. I was, as I have said, very glad, and I conscientiously made all necessary arrangements. Upon his arrival, he immediately buried himself in his work, and denied himself scrupulously all association with the busy world about him. I discovered later that virtually I alone was admitted into his confidence during this period; yet not to me even would he reveal his work, beyond that, if successful, it would produce quite a sensation. For two years Nielson labored in his secluded laboratory, and then happened the train of events to which the foregoing is a prologue.

Richard Nielson stood in the light of his laboratory window in the evening of the last day. It seemed the last day to him;



nothing now could matter; his drudgery was a thing gone by. He held up to the light a small phial of amber liquid and gazed through it intently. Then he laid it upon the table before him and sat down to re-arrange the jumbled pile of notes which lay there.

In the successful culmination of his long labor, he was not over-elated or exuberant. He had worked too long for that. Then, too, he had known it must come, soon or late. He was one of those few who attempt nothing of which they are uncertain, but when they do attempt, stay with their work until it is finished. ¶ However, Nielson did not depreciate the value of his discovery. He knew that it was tremendous, gigantic, incomprehensible. One virtue alone it possessed, which, independent of all others, would establish it immediately in the chemical world, cause a revolution in surgery, make his name a landmark of scientific achievement. This was its value as an anaesthetic. Its peculiar properties would instantly place it far above chloroform, ether, even the more recent stovaine. These properties were difficult to consider rationally; they were unearthly, full of dim mystery. In the innocent-looking amber liquid was stored a world of potential energy, for upon its exposure to the air, a powerful expansive gas was given off, capable of spreading with the rapidity of light. This gas was perfectly odorless, and produced no disagreeable sensation when inhaled; but when breathed into the system, even in very small quantities, it had the power of completely benumbing every nerve in the body, thus producing instantaneous anaesthesia. At the same time there was no impairment to either the respiration or palpitation. It had no after-effects whatever; the unconsciousness was really no more than a profound sleep.

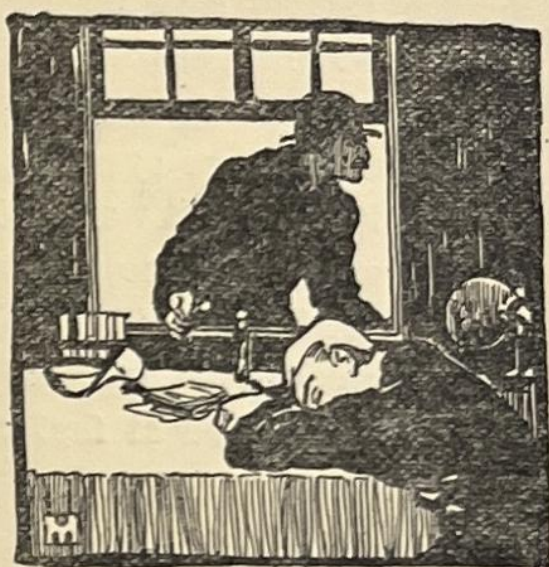


In the little laboratory the chemist pored over his notes. It was getting late. Dimmer and dimmer the evening light came in through the tiny-paned window. Gray shadows began to creep up the walls, growing ever grayer as they climbed, until near the floor they darkened into sinister black. The room was silent as night, save for the slipping rustle of papers; and that, too, gradually diminished. The chemist was very tired. His head rested on the table.

His breathing had scarcely become regular when a long shadow crossed the open window, and a form stood black against the darkening sky. Swiftly, surely, yet stealthily as a cat's paw, the arm of the man without was thrust through the open window. It silently gathered in the notes and the small phial before the sleeping chemist, and disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

The deeper shadows of the summer evening came in as stealthily, surely, yet as potently as the arm of the thief, and made queer grisly shapes upon the form of the sleeping man in the chair.

Lewis Cardell & Company were the most celebrated chemists in the city of New York. It was, then, no small matter which called seven international chemical experts to the private office of the president of the company on a certain summer's afternoon. As these filed noiselessly into the richly appointed room and seated themselves at the long consultation table, they were fol-





lowed by President Cardell himself, who locked the door carefully and—put the key into his pocket.

Apologizing for his precautions, he went directly to the head of the table and began to speak, impressively, in a low tone. He was telling them of a new chemical discovery. It was one which would revolutionize science at large, and surgery particularly; in short, a new anesthetic, whose peculiar properties would cause it to supersede immediately all existing forms of anaesthetics. He started to enumerate its virtues.

The speaker's voice began to lose its impressiveness. He began to drone. After all, he had a very common-place voice. The sad-looking men at the table began to fidget. The seventh man, who was fat, wiped his face with his handkerchief.

At length, still speaking, Cardell drew from his pocket a small phial of amber liquid, and passed it to the silent men at the table.

It was a very warm day. For precaution the windows had been closed. Somehow the great chemist always took precautions. As the seventh man picked up the phial to return it to the speaker, he plunged wildly with his hand. The phial had slipped and fallen to the floor.

The speaker, whose eyes had never left the little bottle, leaped for it as it fell; but it was too late. Making queer gurgling noises in his throat, he strove violently to recover himself from where he fell. With a slow kind of effort he reached his feet but wavered back and forth drunkenly until he fell where he had risen. The seven men had at first stared at the catastrophe with un-



comprehending eyes; then, the realization of their danger striking them with full force, they broke frantically in a body toward the door, forgetting that it was locked. The seventh man went down before it was reached. The other six struck the door in a mass, but it was solid oak. Most of them had not time to turn again before they were borne down by the weird might of the invisible thing. A tremendous, instantaneous lethargy dropped over their minds, pall-like. An odorless sense of impression seemed to hang over the room, and there was no sound but the sound of smooth breathing.

It was an easy matter to connect the incoherent ramblings of Richard Nielson, temporarily insane at Bellevue, with the strange case of asphyxiation; and so a story of malicious graft was brought to light. Really, though, after such a conclusive and public demonstration of the value of my friend Nielsno's discovery, there was little to be done after his recovery. The American Society of Chemists in collaboration with the International Surgical Society, presented him with an enormous gold medal, and he is more than satisfied.





# ATHLETICS

**W**ITH the opening of school came the call for football candidates. About thirty men responded, several of last year's team being among the number. Under the able coaching of Mr. Hecox, who has been at the head of so many championship teams, the squad is working hard to develop a winning combination.

Lack of a suitable field for practice promised to be a handicap; but through the persistent efforts of Manager Bennett, a field answering all the requirements was obtained in Potomac Park. Here the squad has been practicing faithfully, and around Heine, Peake, Knight, Davis and Eckendorff of last year's team an eleven is slowly being molded into shape.

On September 27 the initial contest of the season was played at College Park, M. A. C. being our opponents. Although defeated 6-0 our team played a fine game, holding the heavier and more experienced collegians to a single touchdown.

The next game, played with Gallaudet, was lost 23-0. Our team was greatly outweighed in this contest. Following these two defeats the team scored its first victory of the season on October 9, when it journeyed to Alexandria and defeated the fast Episcopal High School team by the score of 5-0. This victory was the second Tech had registered over the Virginians in the history of the schools and was the more praiseworthy on that account.





**T**HE new "Infantry Drill Regulations" just published, will necessitate a greater amount of study on the part of the officers than has heretofore been necessary. This means that the men must forget the old regulations almost entirely, then begin to study the new rules and apply them to their respective companies. It seems to be the general opinion among the cadets that the new regulations are complicated. But the reverse is true. The old rules have been simplified to such an extent that the resulting regulations are the simplest, most logical, and most compact, ever formulated. The result will be that the whole drill will be simplified.

The Regimental Officers have been appointed as follows:

Colonel, H. B. Lowe, Eastern  
Lieutenant-Colonel, R. Nash, Business  
Adjutant, N. W. Vanderwerker, Business  
Quartermaster, E. M. Baker, McKinley

#### THIRD BATTALION, McKinley

Major, R. C. Keefer  
Adjutant, L. W. Klopfer      Quartermaster, T. A. Miller

#### COMPANY C

Captain, R. E. Coughlin  
First Lieutenant, C. B. Laud-      Second Lieutenant, R. W.  
enslager      Smith



First Sergeant, A. R. Hall	Corporals:
Second Sergeant, W. D. Nettleton	H. A. Berliner
	F. M. Bock
Third Sergeant, L. F. Kirchner	J. A. Doerman
Fourth Sergeant, C. A. Peters	G. L. Haines
Fifth Sergeant, T. R. Edwards	A. B. Harrison
	L. Sargeant

## COMPANY D

Captain, W. L. Saunders	
First Lieutenant, E. D. Haines	Second Lieutenant, M. W. Sandmeyer
First Sergeant, O. W. Holmes	Corporals:
Second Sergeant, E. Lewis	T. C. Gerber
Third Sergeant, E. T. Nash	O. I. Gibbs
Fourth Sergeant, H. C. Gilbert	C. C. Holmes
Fifth Sergeant, S. W. Rice	D. J. Shear
	G. R. Thompson
	S. Wasserman

## COMPANY K

Captain, M. Whitney	
First Lieutenant, C. D. Gibbons	Second Lieutenant, A. C. Bock
First Sergeant, H. A. Lake	Corporals:
Second Sergeant, Furbershaw	C. A. Appel
Third Sergeant, J. S. Petrie	T. B. Defoe
Fourth Sergeant, Adler	L. F. Dietrich
Fifth Sergeant, H. O. Strawn	G. V. Hartley
	H. J. Phillips
	D. Racoosin



## COMPANY L

Captain, L. E. Will

First Lieutenant, H. C. Sullivan      Second Lieutenant, S. C. Cousins

First Sergeant, M. E. Miller	Corporals:
Second Sergeant, R. W. Wilson	F. B. Morgan
Third Sergeant, H. E. Galleher	E. F. Collier
Fourth Sergeant, K. Miller	O. Q. Arner
Fifth Sergeant, F. W. Dodson	N. P. Laudenslager
	L. R. Fiedler
	N. A. Miller

With this excellent corps of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, as well as four companies of fine men, Tech should be able to win the drill again this year. Company D's victory of last year should increase the zeal and earnestness with which the cadets enter into the drill this year.

At present the companies of the third battalion need more men. All that we ask is that all of the boys of the school, who possibly can do so, join the cadets, and they will soon see for themselves the countless benefits to be derived from this organization.

In order to make the "Third Battalion" the best battalion Tech has ever had, we earnestly request that the members of the student body of the McKinley Manual Training School give us its support by either enlisting, or influencing others to do so, in order that we may have four FULL companies.



## Girls' Athletics

**A**LL the athletic energies of the girls so far this year, seem to be absorbed in promenading to and from the Marion street entrance, and in trying to rush from the first floor to the third in three minutes. Before long, however, they will have a chance to show their athletic abilities in other ways. A faculty committee, of which Miss Dennis is chairman, has been appointed to look after the athletic interests of the girls. The athletic association has furnished funds for various equipments.

Mr. Daniel has arranged to have two tennis courts made in the rear of the school. This will be a decided advantage over last year, as the courts will be much nearer, and will accommodate more players at a time.

We are to keep the room across the street for basketball. This is not, it is true, as good as a gymnasium, but it serves the purpose very well, and if we prove that we should really appreciate a gymnasium, and that enough girls show their interest by sticking to basketball and playing regularly, we shall certainly get it as soon as it is feasible. Just come over some afternoon, girls, whether you can play or not, and see if you do not get enough fun out of it to make it well worth the effort. You will be surprised to see what a safety-valve a good game is, after a day of study. Don't think you are not needed because you are a freshman. You may become a champion.

The walks by the girls last year were voted such a success by all who went, that more are being planned. Hunt up that old skirt that will go once more, find some strong shoes and join the next tramp.





**F**ROM present prospects this year should be a prize winner for Tech, so far as its debating interests are concerned. An early start has been made and while there is nothing about this early start which appears to the school as being spectacular, there is something which appeals to those more closely allied with debating, as being most encouraging. It is the good showing made by the debaters in their preliminary debates, and the interest which is manifested by these good results. The very fact that it has been possible to begin successfully so early, shows a determination to do such effective work that we shall be able to give three victorious yells on January fifth; for it has been decided that Tech and Eastern are to debate on that day.

## The Agora

**T**HE affairs of the Agora are progressing this year with the same regularity and business-like manner with which they have heretofore been carried on. Except for a change of officers and membership, it is hard to detect any difference in its general status from that of last year.

The Agora expects this year to carry out several new ideas which will help to improve its debating or help to create an unparalleled interest. To do this the Agora hopes to have frequent de-



bates in the assembly hall, where all who wish may hear; to have an oratorical contest; and to offer as many prizes as possible. Toward the close of last year the officers for this year were elected. They are: President, J. Ingram Medley; Vice-President, E. K. Le Fevre; Recording Secretary, R. L. Coughlin; Corresponding Secretary, S. L. Marlow; Sergeant-at-arms, W. G. Wells. W. L. Saunders was elected critic. At the last meeting of the year Miss Marsh was chosen as faculty adviser for the Agora.

## The Forum

A very interesting event and one of importance which has occurred, was the organization of a new debating society, the Forum. During the latter part of last year the formation of a new society was discussed at length by Miss Baldwin, Miss Baker, and Miss Nash. They believed that another debating society was needed within the school, if the best efforts of all were to be secured, for the best incentive to real effort is competition. With this in mind, plans were perfected during the summer for a new society. So that when school opened it was an assured thing that a new organization was to be started.

A meeting, to which all were invited, was called for September the twenty-seventh. The following week a second meeting was held. Both of these meetings were well attended. A constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: President, L. Sergeant; Vice-President, T. White; Secretary and Treasurer, W. O. Nettleton; Critic, Miss Anne Mitchell.

It was decided that the Forum should be an open society, that is, one to which any pupil of the school might be admitted. At one of the first Forum meetings, Miss Deal was elected by the members to act as faculty adviser.



Meetings have been held each week, and judging from the good attendance and efficient organization, it is safe to prophesy that the Forum is not only here to stay, but to become a necessity to Tech's debating interests.

Those connected with debating realize that by Miss Baker's resignation from the Advisory Committee they have lost an earnest worker and an efficient adviser.

January the fifth, the day on which Tech has its first debate, may seem a long way off; but with the enormous amount of work to be done, if Tech is to present a creditable showing, there is not one minute to lose. Now is the time to begin the real work, so that if possible every weakness in argument or team work will be apparent early enough to be remedied.

Much depends upon the school as a whole as to the grade of work which is to be accomplished, as all of those working for the team want to feel that the school is interested in their activity. The team knows that the school is supporting them, on the day of the debate, and does its uttermost. However, no amount of effort at this moment can overcome a lack of preparation.

So get the spirit. Root for your team before the debate as well as during it, and Tech will again get a championship. Remember, it is up to you.





## Dramatics

**T**HE Paint and Powder Club of Tech has reorganized with the following officers:

President, Mr. Dann, A<sup>o</sup>. Vice-President, Miss Wright, A<sup>o</sup>; Secretary, Mr. Collier, B<sup>o</sup>; Treasurer, Miss Sheriff, A<sup>o</sup>.

The first meeting of this semester was held on Friday, October thirteenth, and the various committees were appointed. Those desiring to become members should apply to the membership committee, which consists of Mr. Collier, Mr. Gilbert, and Miss Jacobs. It is hoped that there will be many new members.

Scenes from many well known plays are to be presented at the meetings this winter, and the club expects to have a series of lectures on elocution and dramatic art. Designs for a club pin are to be submitted by a committee at the next meeting.

The final meeting of the club last spring was a picnic at Forest Glen Seminary Grounds, on June the nineteenth. The picnic party took their lunch and spent a most enjoyable day, the crowning feature of which was the presentation of "The Silent Voice," by Alma Tadema. The characters in this charming little play were: "Duchess," Miss Sheriff; "Henry Osborne," Mr. Woodward; "The Page," Mr. Wilbur; "The Duchess' Maids," Miss Falconer, Miss Gsantner, and Miss Jacobs.





## The Outdoor Shoot



THE Third Annual Outdoor Shoot was held Saturday, October 14, on the Marine Corps Range at Winthrop, Md. The steamer "Wakefield," which was chartered for the occasion, left the wharves at 7 o'clock, with about 140 boys and the range officers. Owing to a heavy fog and a long stop at Alexandria for milk, the trip was not made in very fast time, for we did not arrive at Winthrop until eleven o'clock. The trip down was made enjoyable by the close harmony of a Central sextet, who rendered the popular pieces, "Here's to Old Central," "He Rambled," etc. As soon as Winthrop was reached the clubs marched off as companies to the range, where shooting was begun immediately. This was for the Junior Marksman Qualification Medals. To win one, a member had to make 35 out of 50 standing and 40 out of 50 prone, a total of 75 out of 100. The standing position was shot first and if the 35 was made, the prone position was then shot. The distance shot at was 200 yards, Government Springfield rifles being used.

After dinner the company team match was shot. This was for teams of four men, each man shooting seven times. Company G, of Business, won with the score of 103; Co. L of Tech and Co. B of Central tied for second with 87.

The club match was shot immediately after this. This was for the Club Championship of the High Schools, four men on a team, each man shooting ten times standing. This was the closest match of the day, Tech winning with 144. Central was second with



143, and Business third with 140. The Tech team was composed of Baker, Baldwin, Gibson and Wells. As soon as this match was finished, the School Team Match was started. This was for the championship of the High Schools. There were ten men on a team, each man shooting ten times prone. This was won by Central with the score of 408. Western was second with 382, Tech third with 380, Business fourth with 365, and Eastern last with 336.

The Secretary of War's cup, which was for the highest score in the Club and School matches, was won by P. Gibson of Tech, with the score of 87. This cup becomes the property of the contestant winning it twice, not necessarily in succession. It was won in 1909 by W. G. Wells of Tech and in 1910 by N. W. Miller, of Central.

The Chamber of Commerce Medal, which was for the championship of the schools, was won by W. G. Wells of Tech, who made the score of 87. This medal was for the highest score made out of a possible 100. A cup also goes to the school of the winner of the medal. This medal was won by J. Marks of Central in 1909, and N. W. Miller of Central in 1910. The cup becomes the property of the school winning it three times.

The National Rifle Association medals for the championship of each club were won by E. C. Rise of Eastern, E. C. Jones of Western, W. R. Seltman of Business, R. B. Ransom of Central, and W. G. Wells of Tech.

Tech had the largest number of men to qualify, having eleven; Central being second with eight. Those from Tech to qualify were: W. B. Defoe, 82; P. S. Baldwin, 82; R. Funkhouser, 79; E. M. Baker, 76; F. A. Miller, 81; R. C. Putnam, 78; P. Gibson, 86; L. Sargeant, 79; C. C. Hough, 76; A. Furbershaw, 80; and W. G. Wells, 87.





**R DANIEL**, our new principal, spent his vacation at Swan's Island, Maine.

We heartily welcome Mr. Myers to Tech and hope he will enjoy his work here. Mr. Myers, who came from Central, fills Mr. Daniel's place as a teacher of mathematics.

Several of our teachers went abroad during the summer. Miss Muckenhaupt, with her mother and sister, visited Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Miss Ellis and Miss Stauffer, spent a delightful summer together in England, Holland, Paris, Switzerland and Germany. Miss Banta, Miss Dean, and Miss Maret, all had a splendid time in Europe.

Miss Snyder, our librarian, spent her vacation at Chautauqua, New York. Later she went to the seashore.

We wish to extend to Miss DeLand our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of her father.

Miss Hartman went to Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, and Alaska.

Miss Marsh had a delightful summer in Nantucket.

Miss Forbes went to St. Paul, where she attended the reunion of her college class. Later, she went to Pennsylvania.

Miss Baldwin and Miss White took the summer course at Cornell, while Miss Dennis studied at Harvard.



We won't be surprised now, if we see any stray airships around Tech; for Mr. Marsh went to Boston, where he attended the Harvard-Boston meet, and Mr. Richardson has been experimenting with flying machines during the summer.

Mr. Hecox went to Lake Canadaigua, where he trained some of our boys for the football team.

Miss Solomons went motoring through Maryland and Virginia. She also resumed her study of music this summer.

Several teachers spent their vacation in the city. Among these are Miss Daly, Mr. Rippey, Mr. Claffin, Mr. Woodward and Mr. Saugstad. Some of them, however, were very hard at work. Mr. Rippey and Mr. Claffin were busy with patent drafting.

Miss Deal had a glorious time in Maine.

Miss Shipman spent her vacation on the Hudson. Later she visited the art colony in the Catskill Mountains. She went yachting and automobiling. Her greatest accomplishment, however, was learning to swim.

After the strenuous year's work, Mr. Many retired to his estate in the Catskills. While there, he distinguished himself as the hero of a fire. Like all heroes, though, he is very modest in regard to the subject.

Mr. Adams with his family camped in New England.

Mr. Peck spent some time at Cape Cod. He expects to move very soon near Mr. Adams.

Mr. Mattern spent his vacation as usual in his beloved Pennsylvania.

Mr. White studied part of the summer, and worked the rest.

Mr. Wilson spent part of his vacation in the mountains of Pennsylvania; the rest was devoted to work.

Miss Cross spent her vacation at Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Doherty studied at the School of Painting at Cape Cod,



under the direction of Mr. Hawthorne. She considered it a most interesting experience.

Miss Bond visited several cities along the eastern coast.

Miss McColm went to her home in Iowa.

Miss Dalton spent her vacation in Virginia, later going to the seashore.

Miss Christiansen went to Sag Harbor and Long Island.

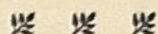
Miss Heth visited friends in Virginia.

Mrs. Colhoun spent her vacation in West Virginia, and later at Chevy Chase.

Miss Baker won the championship of the District in the Tennis Tournament at the Bachelor's Club, on October 14. She defeated all competitors in ladies' singles and won also in the ladies' doubles. She now has two beautiful new trophies to add to her collection, which was already big enough to be envied by any Tech student.

Mr. McKernan's vacation was spent in New York.

The engagement of Miss Mary B. Sewall to Mr. Harry S. Whitbeck was announced July 1, 1911. Miss Sewall is one of our English teachers, while Mr. Whitbeck used to be the instructor in our Art Metal Shop. Mr. Whitbeck is now working at his shop in Northampton, Massachusetts.

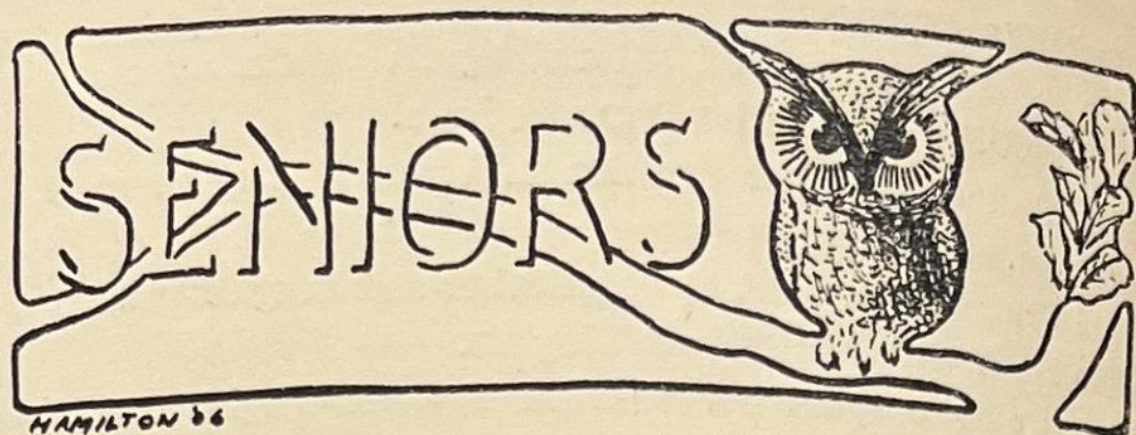


### Heard in Orchestra Rehearsal

Mr. White—I've been wearing this pin on my coat for 10 years without losing it.

Mr. Schmidt (our eccentric violinist)—No wonder; it has been on the same coat.





Heard in C<sup>r</sup> History Class—When these almost unsurmountable difficulties are considered, it makes Columbus' feat (feet) appear greater than ever.

\*\*\*

¶ When asked as to the cause of his stiff neck Peake replied that he was "boiling" over. Bum joke! Call a cop! Saunders is now redly to take command of his company.

\*\*\*

The senior class will never lack excitement as long as such "hair-raising" spectacles as G. C. Miller, Medley and Moore are with us.

\*\*\*

Miss Muckenhaupt—Mr. Sullivan, what are the different kinds of clauses?

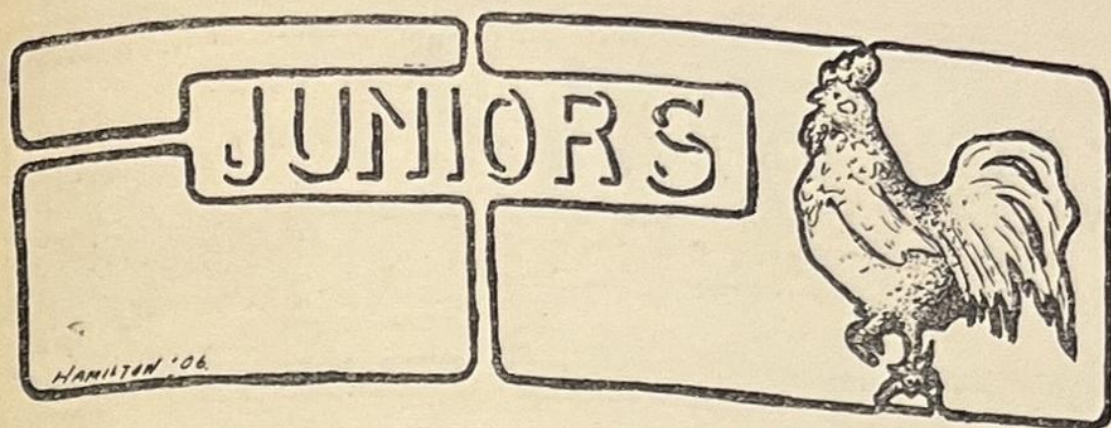
Sullivan—Subordinate and insubordinate.

\*\*\*

Junior—Dr. Myers was certainly a jewel.

Senior—He was more than that. He was a G. E. M.





Mr. Woodward, in A<sup>6</sup> M.D.—Lynch, there is some trash on the floor belonging to you.

Lynch, A<sup>6</sup>—I left that in here last week. Shows how often this room is swept.

Dann, A<sup>6</sup>—Bum janitation.

A<sup>6</sup> English—(Student reading from paper)—“Nearly every one of the poorer class of London were paupers.”

Miss Forbes—“One must have been twins in that case.”

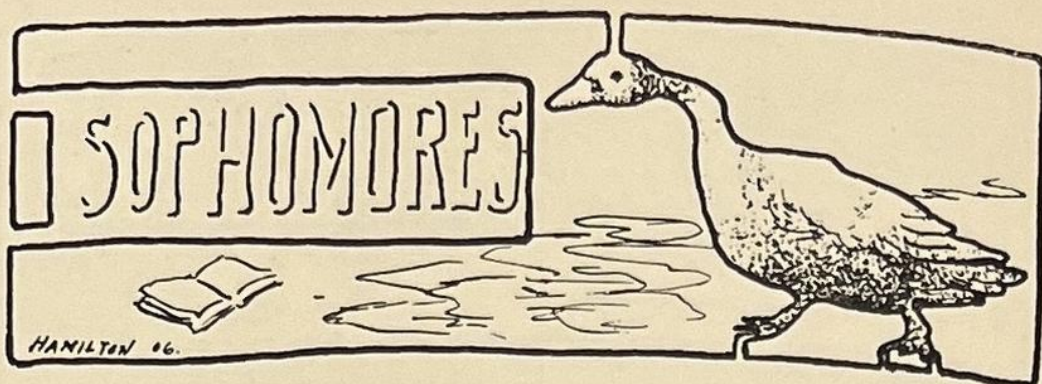
A<sup>6</sup>-A<sup>8</sup> Chemistry—Mr. Marsh: Wells, tell us some of the uses of copper.

Wells, A<sup>8</sup>—Copper is used extensively in the electrical trade. It is also used in making Cohens (coins).

Heard in A<sup>6</sup> Trig—If Walter Johnson signs for \$7,000, for what will cosine?—Secant.

We were all sorry to learn that Cornell, one of the most popular members of A<sup>6</sup>, was obliged to leave school, but are glad to hear that he will return in February.





Mr. Bruce (in A<sup>3</sup> Physics)—Is the inclined plane ever used to lift objects that could easily be lifted without it?

Miss P—Yes. We could have easily lifted those wooden blocks that we drew up the inclined plane last week in laboratory.

If Miss Stauffer tautology, what did Miss Dennis teach?

Miss A (translating German)—The old man spoke silently.

Miss Cross (to A<sup>3</sup> Domestic Science class)—What happens when bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar are mixed?

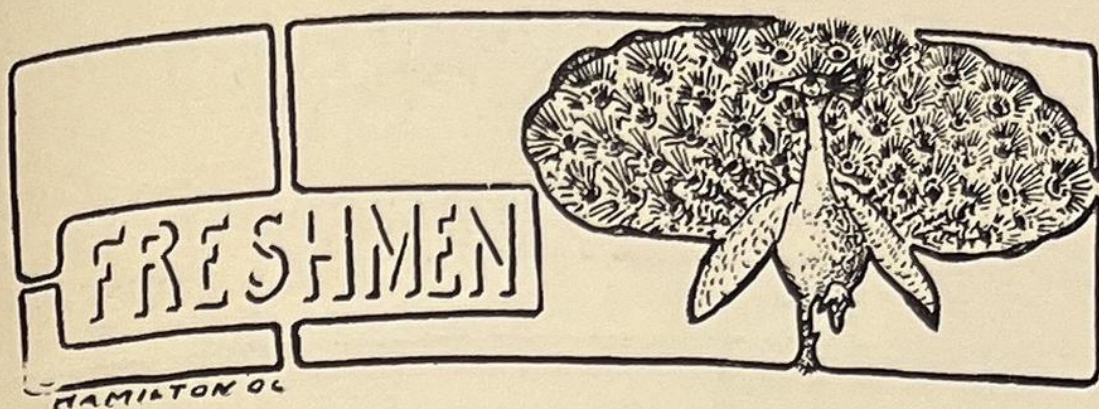
Miss S—Baking powder.

Pupil (reading German)—Hat er—

Teacher—Hot air! Never let me hear you say such slang in the school room again.

Mr. Hartley, E<sup>3</sup> (relating a story in English class)—“While the people were all talking there was a silence.”





Miss Freyhold—Mr. B., what do the verbs in the second vocabulary end with?

Mr. B—They end with a comma.

Miss F—What!

Mr. B—They end with a letter.

Miss F—What letter?

Mr. B—The last one.

\*\*\*

Miss Christiansen (explaining the use of the words in a sentence)

—What is the difference between a cow and a bear?

Student (impatiently)—Cow is feminine and bear is masculine.

\*\*\*

Section H<sup>1</sup> is the best dressed section in the school. It has three Taylors (tailors).

\*\*\*

C<sup>2</sup> is saving up to buy Miss Muckenhaupt a new German book. All contributions will be thankfully received.

\*\*\*

A bill was handed to a government clerk which asked for \$— for:  
“Building one bathing pool for enlisted men with concrete sides and bottom, 30 ft. by 100 ft. (An actual fact.)



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The third floor is devoted exclusively to short-hand dictation classes, the fourth floor entirely to typewriting, and the fifth and three rooms on the second floor to classes on the principles of short-hand.

We are within a block of nearly all car-lines, the New York Avenue, Baltimore and Annapolis, Mt. Pleasant, Georgetown, Pennsylvania Avenue, 14th St., and all the G St. suburban cars.

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Do not mind how others hoot;  
They were "freshies" in their time;  
By hard study you'll soon climb.

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And to it she was kind;  
She let it stuff with bread and jam  
While she read HAND AND MIND.

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COAL**

Fifth and C Sts. N. E. Phone, L. 230 Fourth and I Sts. N. E.

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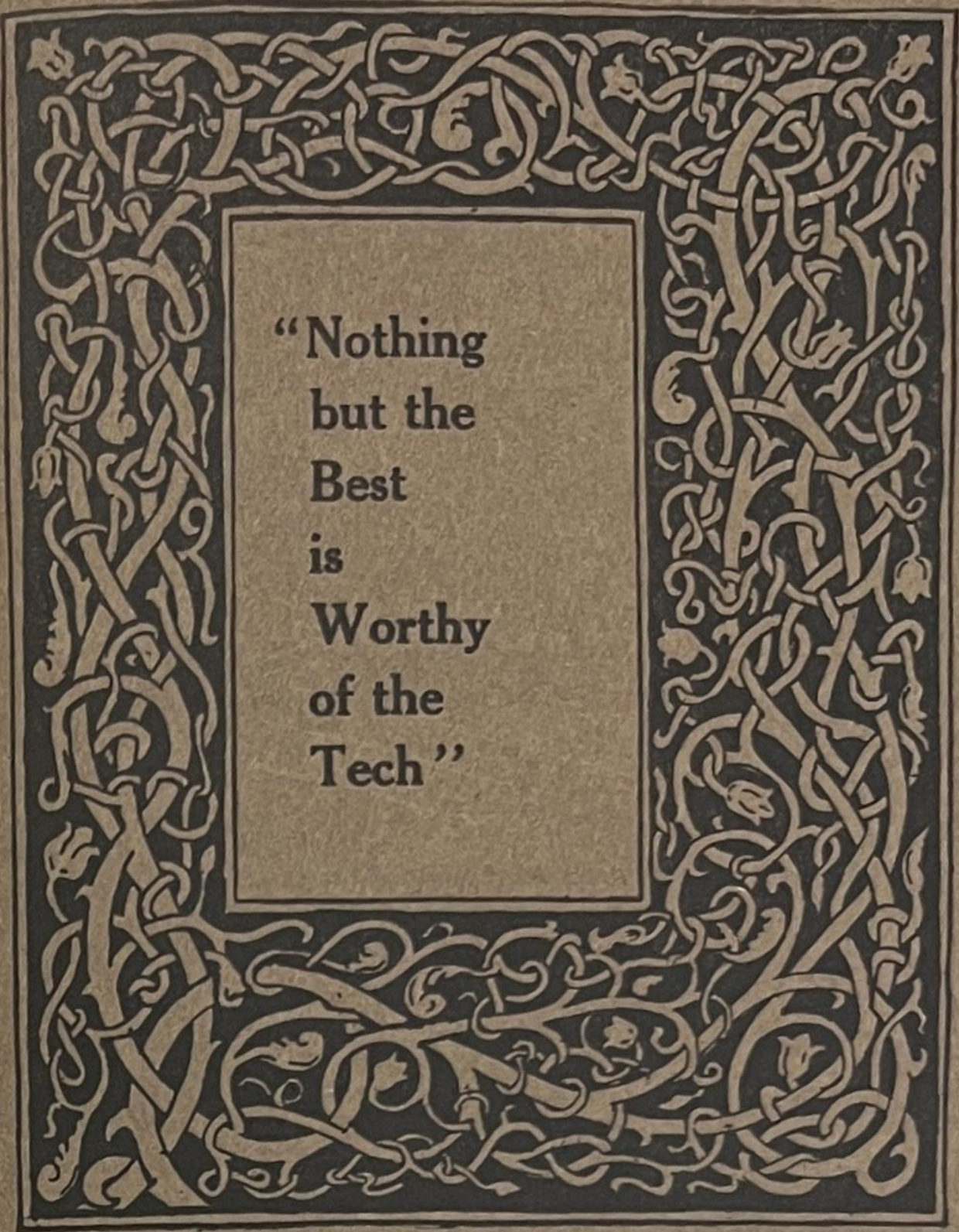
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December



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# HAND AND MIND

VOL. 10

DECEMBER, 1911

NO. 2

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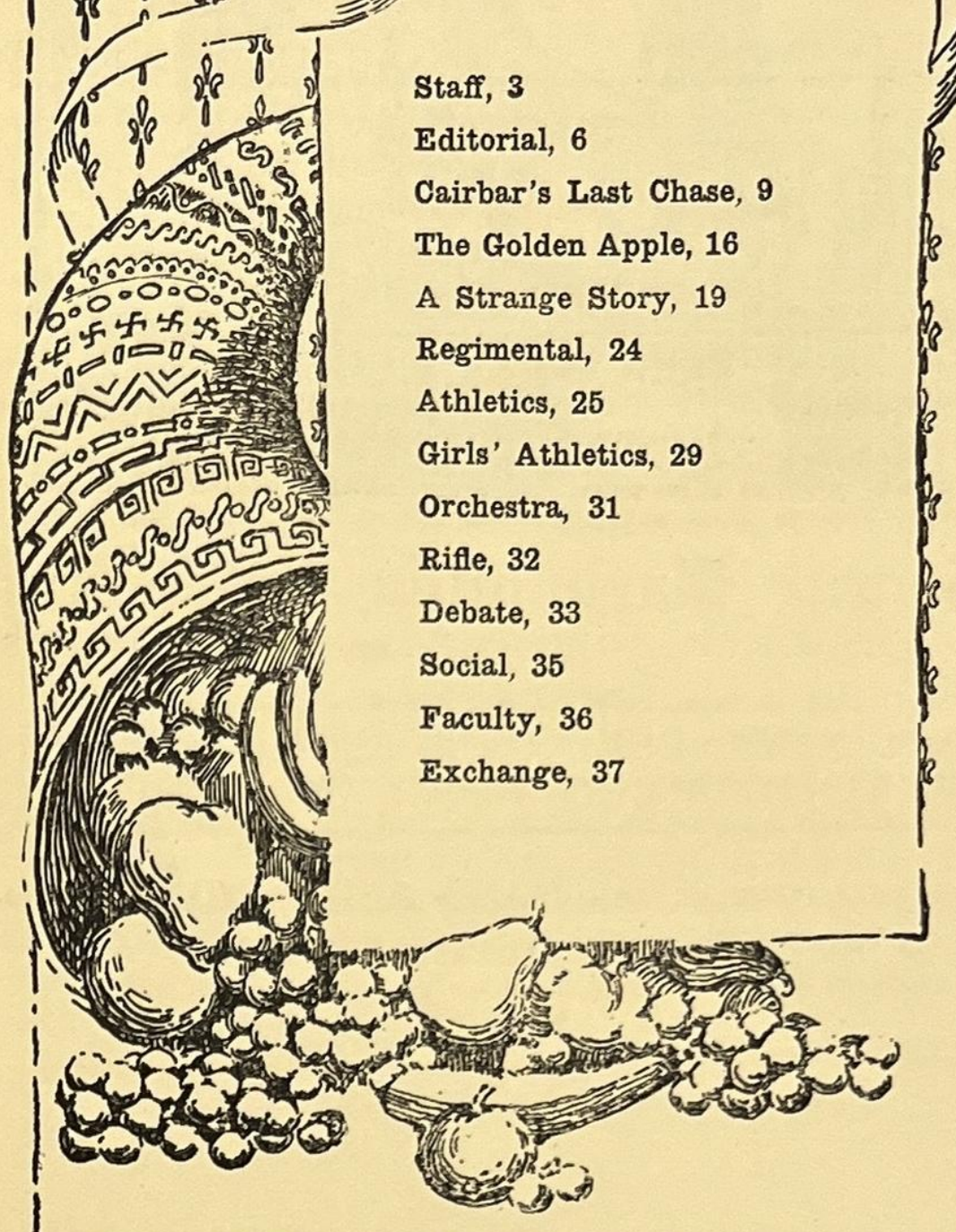
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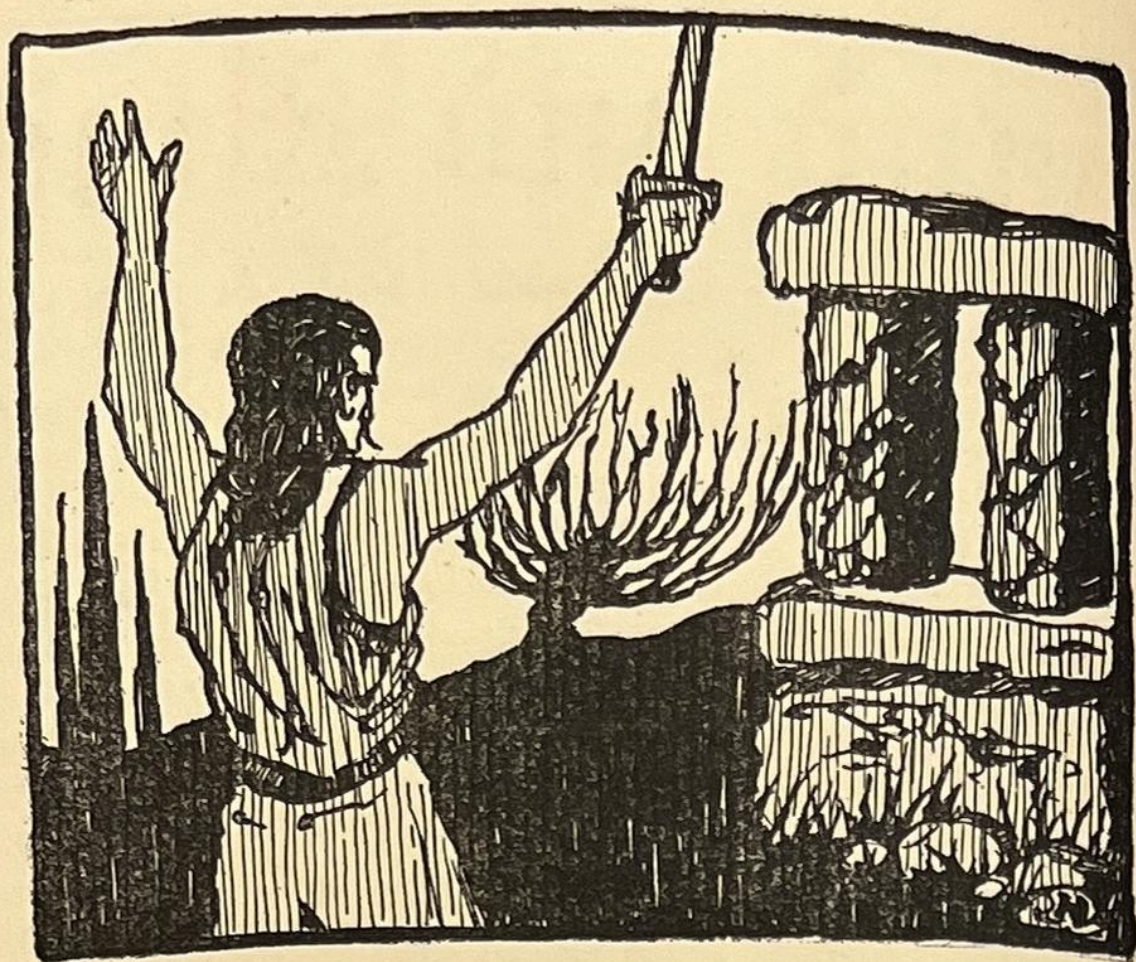


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Cairbar's Last Chase—  
O, BEAL! THOU MIGHTY ONE



# Hand and Mind

VOL. 10

DECEMBER, 1911

NO. 2

## The Football Season

**T**HE football season has closed without the decision of the championship; nevertheless there have been few years in the history of Tech athletics when the school has more reason for congratulating itself, its team, and Mr. Hecox, than this one. For a team, whose chances at the beginning of the year were considered decidedly slim, to prove itself as good as the best in the championship series, by tying Central for first place, is indeed an achievement worthy of a Tech team, backed by Tech spirit. There is something more than this to be remembered, though, of the past football season—if you stand a good chance, go in and win; if you don't stand a good chance, go in and win anyway.

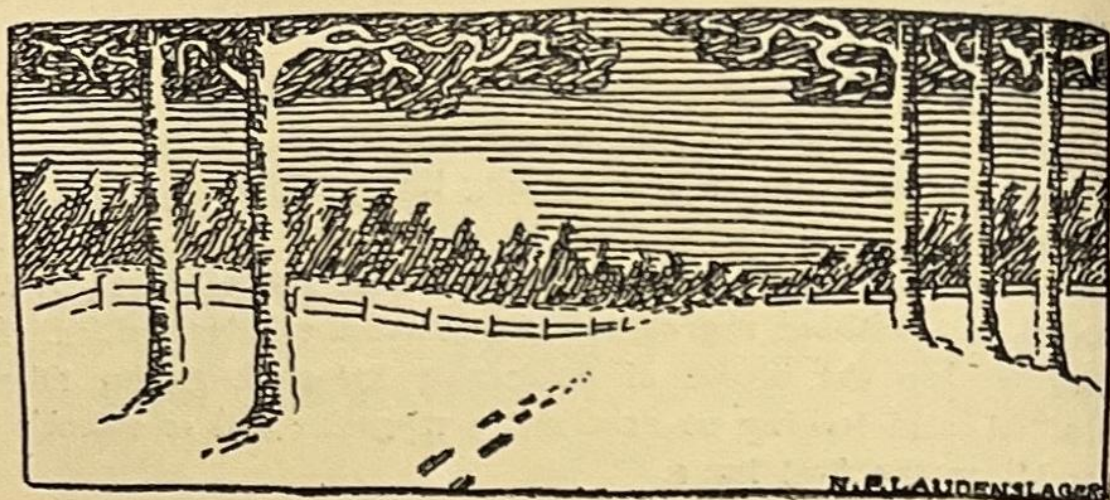
## Mr. Will's Resignation

It is with regret that we announce the resignation of Mr. Will as Editor-in-Chief of the **HAND AND MIND**. A more competent man, or one more capable of filling that position, could not have been found; but feeling that his duties as a cadet captain and as an editor would prevent his giving his best to either, he decided, not without regret, to resign from the latter position. To him is due the credit of organizing the staff, getting things started, and issuing so excellent a magazine and so valuable a model as the first issue.



## The Prize Story Competition

As was stated in the November issue of the **HAND AND MIND**, prizes will be awarded to the authors of the best story and poem. The subscribers to the magazine are to decide the winners. All stories admitted to the prize competition by Miss Stauffer, the faculty advisor of the **HAND AND MIND**, will have the words "Prize Entry" printed under the title. In the first issue appearing after the termination of the competition, there will be a printed ballot, on which each subscriber is asked to state which of the stories and poems entered he considers the best. The prizes will be awarded for the story and poem receiving the largest number of votes. One prize entry appears in this issue, and you are asked to read this and all succeeding entries carefully, so that you will be able to give a fair judgment. Save the issues and compare the stories. It is up to you to decide which is the best.





## Cairbar's Last Chase

(PRIZE ENTRY)

E. Francis Collier, '13



AIRBAR was the son of Foldath, chieftain of the Clanna Leary. The chief town of the clan, Kenmare, occupied the same location as the modern town of that name, at the head of Kenmare Bay, in Kerry. Cairbar was a great warrior, but was particularly noted for his skill in the chase. There are a great many legends current among the peasantry of the district, which have Cairbar for a hero. I heard some of them when a boy of ten, and it is the one which appealed to me the most which I have adopted, with some variations, and with some attempt to reproduce the style of the ancient bards, in the following tale.

**T**HE chariot of Beal had come close down to the blue waters of the west when Cairbar returned from the chase. When he came to the edge of the clearing which surrounded the little town of Kenmare, he beheld but the smouldering ruins of the houses, and the bodies of those who had died in their defense.

Cairbar ran to the dun in the center of the town. On coming



to the gate he found his father, Foldath of the Heart of Pride, stretched upon the ground, his mighty body pierced by many wounds and his bossy shield shattered by the axe of a Northman. Round about were the bodies of the foemen who had fallen by his great sword. Close by was the body of his son Cormac, the brother of Cairbar, a lad of but fifteen years. Right boldly had the boy defended himself, and two Northmen, cumbered by their heavy armor, had fallen under the light boar-spear in the hands of the agile youth.

When Cairbar had seen his father and brother dead upon the ground, he went into the house and called his wife, his mother and his sister. Finally, in the room of the women, he found them all. They were lying upon the fleeces at one side of the room. The white fleeces had become red with their blood. So had they escaped the lot of being slaves to the men of Lochlin; and so was Cairbar left alone in the house of his fathers. When the mighty hunter beheld the awful sight, he covered his head with his mantle and sank down upon the floor, sobbing like a little child.

Soon, however, he overcame his grief; and, drawing his sharp sword from its sheath, he unfastened the belt which supported it and cast it from him. Holding the naked sword in his hand, he went out to the altar which stood in front of the house, and turning toward the sun, which was half hidden in the sea, he held the strong blade aloft and swore a great oath.

"Oh Beal! Thou Mighty One! Fire! Light! Life! Hear me, Cairbar MacFoldath. I swear by Thee, the King of Day, and by thy spouse, Re, the Queen of Night, and by the Stars, Thy Children! The sword which I now hold shall never be sheathed, except that it be in a foe, until I see the death of the leader of those who have desolated my home and the homes of my clansmen."



When Cairbar had sworn the oath, he saw a man running toward him from the gate of the dun. When he came close to Cairbar, the chief saw that he was thin from hunger, and clothed in rags. His gray eyes and brown hair showed him to be a son of Erin. The man fell on his knees in front of Cairbar.

"Whence comest thou?" Cairbar asked. "Why art thou of such lean aspect and why clothed so meanly?"

"Mighty Cairbar, my name is Guthal. I was born among the green plains of Wicklow, close by the sea. The men of the North raided the place of my birth many years ago, even as they came upon thy town this day. Early in the combat, I was stunned by a blow upon the head. I awoke when the fight was over, and the Northmen, seeing that I was young and strong, took me to row in their swift ships. When I was no longer strong enough to pull at an oar, I was made to wait upon the table of their chief. They treated me cruelly, and fed me with scraps from their bowls. Today, thinking me too weak to get away, they bound only my arms. While they were ashore, I, through the mercy of Beal, escaped from the ship. And seeing thy companions come into the town, I went among them. When I had told them my tale, they sent me to thee."

"Who is the chief of these Northmen? Where in Lochlin is his home? Thinkest thou that thou couldst guide a ship through the waters to the place?"

"Utgard is the name of the chief of the sea. His home is among the isles of Lofodden, a short distance from the mighty monster of the deep, which the men of Lochlin call the Maelstrom. Oft have I made the voyage thither, and well could I guide you to the place."



"It is well," said Cairbar. "Go now and eat with my men. Eat of the deer killed among the green hills of Kerry. Tomorrow I shall start in pursuit of Utgard, and I shall not give up the chase until I know him to be dead."

Cairbar then went among his people and chose a crew from among the best warriors. He ordered them to make ready to leave at sunrise on the morrow. When Cairbar had so ordered the preparations for his journey, he went among the hills back of the town, and, coming to the sacred grove of Re, the Goddess of Night, he prayed for success on his expedition.

At dawn Cairbar girded on his armor of plates of white bronze and put his brazen helmet, decorated with the horns of a stag, upon his long and flowing locks. With his bossy shield on his left arm and his sharp sword naked in his right hand, he went forth to his ship.

The swift ship, forced onward by the long oars in the hands of Cairbar's trusty kearns, soon passed out of Kenmare Bay, and turning to the north, skirted along the west coast of Erin.

When the ship had passed into the open sea to the north of Ireland, it was struck by a great storm. For three days and nights the ship drove before the gale. When the storm subsided, the prow of the ship was turned about, and reached the island of Lewis, the largest of the Hebrides, at dawn six days later. Here they stopped to fill their casks with fresh water. Some of the men of Lewis gathered about them while at the spring, and, when the Munstermen told the purpose of their quest, one of them said that he had seen a ship like that of Utgard on the day before. The Northmen had stopped for water and left in the afternoon. When Cairbar heard this news, he ordered his men back to the ship, although but half of the casks had been filled. Guthal



warned Cairbar of the danger of lack of water; but Cairbar gave no heed, and by noon the vessel had left the island of Lewis.

Just before sunset two days later, while passing the Orkneys, Guthal saw the galley of Utgard through a rift in the fog. Utgard turned his dragon-ship to attack the ship of Cairbar, but when he saw Cairbar's vessel coming boldly toward him, he made off again and was lost sight of in the fog.

On the morning of the third day after passing the Orkneys, Utgard's ship was again sighted. Until about mid-day the distance between the ships remained the same. Then, however, the wind died down, and the galley slaves of Utgard, weak from hunger and ill-treatment, were not able to keep the dragon ahead of the Irish ship. In the early afternoon a great roaring was heard ahead. Cairbar asked Guthal the cause.

"The roaring is the voice of the Maelstrom, a dragon of vast size, who sits with his mouth on a level with the top of the sea and sucks ships into his all-engulfing maw. Return while there is yet time or we shall all meet our death in the jaws of the terrible beast."

"Fear," answered Cairbar of the Mighty Spear, "is for the hearts of slaves. A chief of the men of Munster must never show fear; else is he not fit to lead the fearless kearns of his clan."

The ship of Utgard kept on towards the North, and soon the men of Cairbar saw the mouth of the Maelstrom, vast and terrible, and giving off steam like a huge cauldron.

After a short while the ship of Utgard was seen to make for the coast. Cairbar, understanding the purpose of the Northmen, steered his ship between that of the Viking and the rocky islands of the coast. The sky became suddenly darker and a great wind commenced to blow from the land. The rowers of Utgard, weak



from their toil of the morning, could not keep the ship from being blown toward the terrible jaws of Maelstrom. In spite of their struggles the ship was suddenly caught in a current and carried swiftly toward the watery abyss.

Cairbar ordered his men to pursue, but they, knowing that to approach nearer to the Maelstrom would be to plunge to an awful death, refused to go farther from the coast. Cairbar stormed and argued, calling his men cowards and Welshmen, who were afraid to venture in pursuit of the Danes. At last, seeing that the men were set upon keeping close to the coast, Cairbar ordered a small boat to be let down. The crew did not wish to part with their only means of safety in case of shipwreck, but at last let him have, not a sea boat, but a small coracle such as is used on the rivers and lakes of Erin. It was round and deep, like an eating-bowl, and made of tough ox hides stretched over a frame of wicker. When Cairbar got into the coracle, some of his kearnns were loath to let him go, and even offered to go with him.

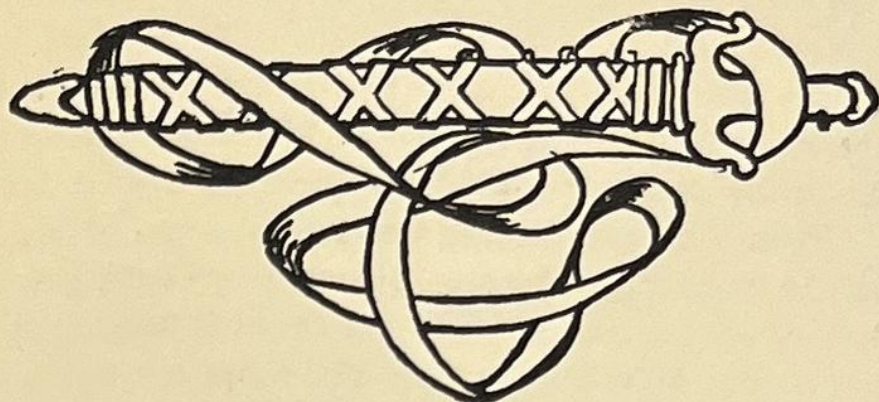
"No," answered Cairbar, "if you will not all come with me, I will honor no one of you by letting him share my death. Farewell."

Cairbar took up a paddle and drove his craft, with swift strokes straight toward the Maelstrom. He soon came close to the ship of Utgard, for the Danes were still trying to get out of the current which carried them into the great jaws of the monster.

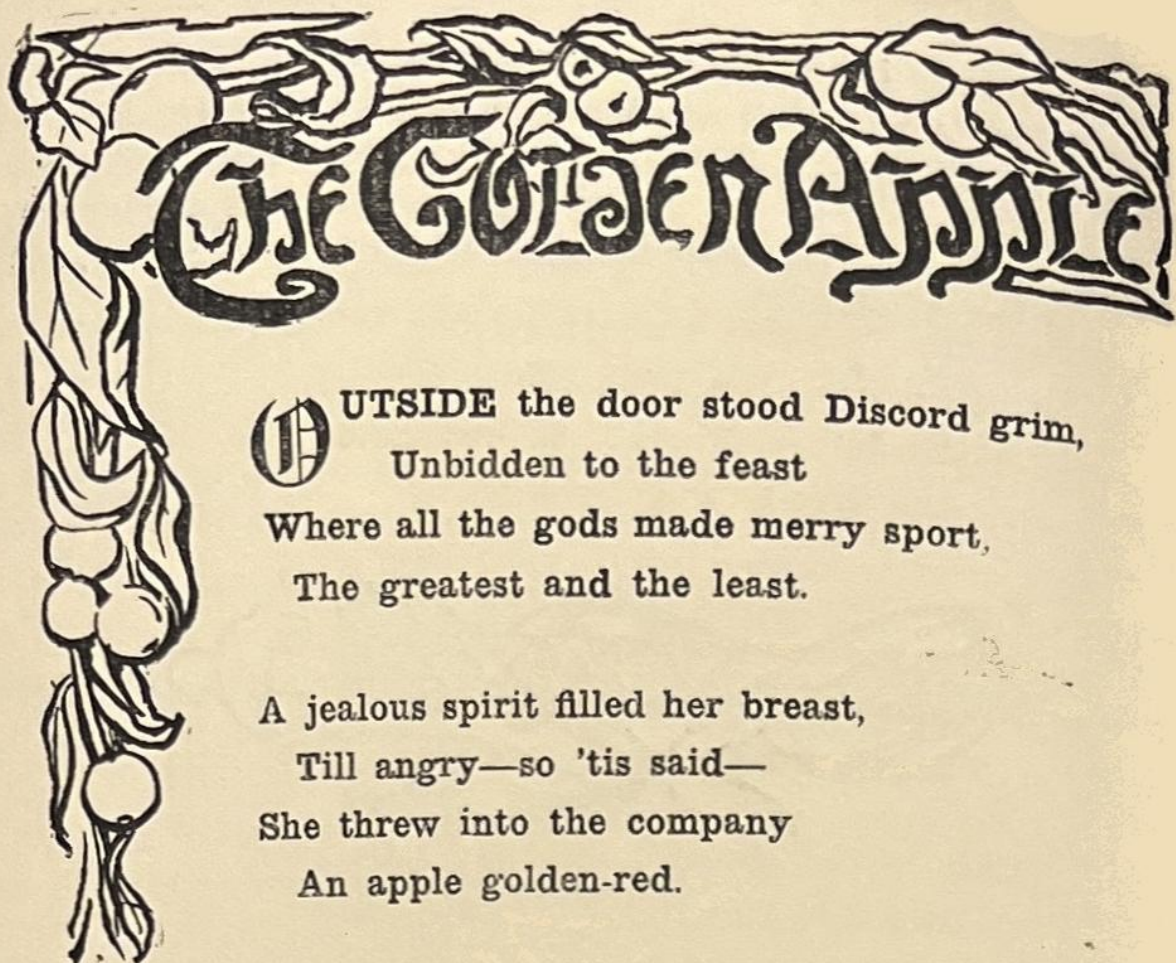
The coracle had come within the length of a ship from the Viking vessel when, with sudden force, the latter was caught in the mad swirl of the Maelstrom. When Cairbar saw his enemy rushing to destruction, he put down his paddle and stood up in the coracle. With his sword firmly grasped in his right hand and his great, round, brass-studded shield on the other arm, he raised



both arms above his head, as if to call down the curse of Beal upon the Danes. As he stood so, the coracle was caught in turn, and carried downward into the mouth of the Maelstrom. Soon Cairbar of the Mighty Spear, the pride of the men of Munster, disappeared from the sight of his men and was lost in the seething waters of the Maelstrom.







# The Golden Apple

OUTSIDE the door stood Discord grim,  
Unbidden to the feast  
Where all the gods made merry sport,  
The greatest and the least.

A jealous spirit filled her breast,  
Till angry—so 'tis said—  
She threw into the company  
An apple golden-red.

Great consternation then arose,  
Till someone keenly spied,  
"For the most beautiful am I,"  
Writ upon the apple's side.

Soon all give up the golden prize  
Until remain but three:  
Juno the queen, Minerva wise,  
And Venus fair to see.



Great Jupiter, king of Heaven, spoke,  
And hushed, the concourse heard;  
"Let someone not our own decide,  
And we will bide his word."

Outside he spied a shepherd boy,  
With flocks on Ida's hill.  
"Come hither, Paris," he commands,  
"And give to whom you will."

First Juno speaks: "Me, you behold,  
If I receive the prize,  
I'll give to you untold of wealth  
Throughout the earth and skies."

Then spake Minerva, wise and bold:  
"Paris, if me you choose,  
Forever more you'll knowledge have,  
And prudence never lose."

The youth is hesitating now  
'Twixt riches and great fame,  
When Venus with a beauteous smile  
Utters the young man's name.

"Paris, I offer you the gift  
Which is the best of all—  
The fairest maid in all the world  
I'll give for the golden ball.



"And Paris, you, with Helen fair,  
Will thus attain all three—  
The maiden's hand and wisdom great  
With riches yours will be.

"For truly wealthy is the man  
Whose bride is Helen fair,  
Her loveliness and beauty, true  
Are far beyond compare.

"Oft wisdom comes with loveliness—  
With such a prize to gain,  
Will you reluctant prove yourself  
A hesitating swain?"

Then Paris to her said: "Anon,  
I pray the maiden bring;  
I long to see the lovely one  
Whose praises loud you sing."

And so it was that Helen fair  
Was wooed in days of old—  
To Venus then he gave the prize,  
The globe of solid gold.

Margaret Proctor, '14.



## A Strange Story



**F**a student of history or a reader of the Tale of Two Cities could see the French Revolution re-enacted before his very eyes, with all its tragedies, its horrors, and its vast consequences to France and to the world, he would follow it with the most eager interest. But few realize that a revolution more terrible, more widespread and immensely greater in its significance to the world, is now in progress in the largest nation of the world, China. The story of the causes which have led to this revolution is as strange a one as has been written in the pages of history.

For more than two hundred years, China's four hundred millions have been under the despotic rule of the Manchus, and the history of the conquest of the great Chinese empire by this handful of northern barbarians is almost unbelievable.

In the sixteenth century, under the great Ming dynasty, China reached its zenith. It occupied a position in the Eastern world comparable only to that of ancient Greece. In every quarter of the Asiatic continent, the dragon flag floated over a dependency of the Chinese Emperor. A complete system, far more complete than the contemporaneous one in Europe, of public education prevailed; Chinese merchants controlled every market of the East; and gathered in Peking was as much learning, wit, splendor, and statesmanship as ever graced a capital of Europe.



But on the northern frontier was an insignificant clan of barbarians, who were destined within a hundred years to conquer the Chinese Empire, overthrow the dynasty of Ming, and place one of their own princes on the throne. If such a possibility had been suggested to a Chinaman of that day, he would have laughed with as much incredulous scorn as would the American of today at the idea that a tribe of Alaskan Indians could conquer the United States.

The Emperor Wan-Leh, who succeeded Mout Song, was the Louis XV of China. His weak and vacillating temperament, his frantic search for pleasure, and his lack of judgment, all contributed to the weakening of the organization built up by his predecessor. ¶ When Noormanchu, founder of the Manchu dynasty, invaded northern China, at the head of some three hundred clansmen, it was considered too insignificant to merit the attention of the home government. But the trouble increased; and as it grew, Tingbi, the most able general defending the border, and the one man capable of checking the revolt, was sentenced to death through the machinations of the courtiers at Peking. The power and boldness of the Manchus continued to grow; they increased the sphere of their operations; they captured and sacked the rich cities of the north, while the Emperor strolled unconcernedly in his gardens. At last the wild Manchu tribesmen penetrated to the very heart of China—Peking. For many months they lay encamped about the city, wondering at this great metropolis, to them the center of the universe, and at their own temerity in venturing to attack it. But finally they entered the city without encountering much resistance and placed their own prince Chitsou on the throne in 1644. The overthrow of the Chinese government was complete; the Manchus were in absolute control; yet the body of the Chinese people hardly realized that a change had



occurred. When they did understand the situation, it was too late; they were absolutely under the despotic Manchus and have remained so to this day.

The Chinese people have never taken kindly to the Manchu rule, but they have lacked the initiative to effect a change. One hundred years ago Napoleon, when asked why he did not conquer China, said: "There sleeps a lion; let him sleep." What Napoleon did not dare do, modern industry and Western thought have done. China has awakened. The year 1912 will probably witness the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of that incredible thing, a republic in China.

For more than twenty years, there has been a growing unrest in China. Wherever a few Chinamen have met they have talked on the coming revolution. In October, 1911, the revolution came; within a month it was an established fact and the revolutionary troops were threatening several important cities. Wuchang and Hankow, two of the most important ports on the Yangtze-Kiang were first occupied by the revolutionists. The Peking railway was torn up, and communication with the outside world cut off. The leaders of the revolution, a group of Chinese educated in the West, and led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, have laid their plans well; and so far they have been ably carried out. The disaffected area, at present, is the valley of the Yangtze-Kiang in Central China; but it will undoubtedly spread.

The Manchu nation realizes that its fate hangs in the balance. The princes of the Manchu house, backed by the governmental experience of more than two hundred years, have summoned all their energies to a final struggle for existence. Their first act, after they fully realized the gravity of the situation, was to recall Yuan Shi Kai, the ablest man in China, who organized the modern Chinese army and put down the Boxer Rebellion, to crush the



revolution. He has been placed in complete control of the government, and on him depends the fate of the Manchus. The baby Emperor, Hsuan Tung, five years old, has issued a statement wherein he says: "All these things are my own fault, and I hereby announce to the world that I swear to reform"—a statement pitiful in its admissions and tragic in its significance to China and the throne, but utterly useless.

The struggle is a terrific one. No quarter is given or asked by either side. The recent massacre of a hundred thousand Chinese by the Imperial troops at Nanking is unparalleled in modern history, and every day brings news of further conflicts. The revolution is moving with the greatest rapidity; within the past two months it has swept over fourteen of China's twenty-one provinces, and will soon reach into every portion of the Empire. ¶ The real struggle is between progress and reaction. The forces that are working for better education, better conditions and a nation that can take its place with pride in the forward march of the nations of the world, are arrayed against those working for the continuation of the present conditions of ignorance and pauperism, and a maintenance of the existing despotic and retrogressive government. It will be a fight to the finish and for tremendous stakes. Dr. Sun Yat Sen has on his side the newly awakened patriotism of China, the enthusiasm of a revolution, and the experience gained in the universities of the West. On the side of Yuan Shi Kai is the Imperial army, which he organized, the craft and wisdom of the Manchu princes and a grim determination to retain the throne conquered by their fathers. It is one of the greatest contests in history; yet we of the West give it barely a passing notice.

As to its final outcome, there are three possibilities: a republic will be established, a constitutional monarchy under control of



the Chinese will be established, or sweeping reforms will be instituted under the Manchu rule. Whatever the final outcome, the Manchu rule has been seriously weakened and a new national spirit of progress and patriotism has been awakened, and the educated and capable Chinamen have taken their just place as the leaders of their own people. The day cannot be far distant when China will assume her rightful position among the nations as a world-power.







**T**HE hard work is on. The captains are exerting all of their energies to make each company the best one in the regiment. They all realize what hard work, time, and thought are required to make a success of the raw material with which each captain is furnished and expected to turn out as a finished product.

In view of the fact that the "new drill regulations" hamper them to a great extent, the Tech companies seem to be making remarkable progress. Although many of the principles of the new drill are dissimilar from previous training, and therefore so much more difficult to be mastered by both the instructors and the instructed, the cadets are grasping the situation. The last few drills have been a decided improvement over the previous ones. There is much more snap, vigor, and interest manifested in the drill.

The Regimental Dance, scheduled for December 30, at The Arlington, promises to be among the great social successes of the season. All are cordially invited to attend, and the Regimental Officers assure you that you will spend a most enjoyable evening. The management has already arranged to make this dance something out of the ordinary with several exclusive features.



# ATHLETICS

**T**ECH can well look back on the football season of 1911 with pride; for not only did we hold Central to a 0-0 score, but the team also went through the inter-school series without being scored upon, a feat accomplished by but one previous Tech team. The showing made is especially brilliant when it is considered that the team was composed of but three of last year's regulars.

## Tech-Eastern 22-0

In our initial high school contest with Eastern on October 24, the plucky little eleven from southeast was defeated by 22-0. Although greatly handicapped by the absence of Capt. Morris, our team showed great strength. Eastern's light backs were practically helpless against our forwards, and her line was unable to hold against the rushes of our back field, or to stop our end runs.

Just four minutes after play started Eckendorf was shoved over for a touchdown; and he again scored on a long end run before the first quarter ended. In the second quarter, Eastern braced and held us scoreless; but we again scored in both the third and fourth periods.

In this game Eckendorf, playing in the back field for the first time, starred; Heine and Peake performed brilliantly.





## Tech-Western 12-0

Between the first two inter-high contests, Morris passed off his condition and the game with Western found him playing quarter-back. In this game, as in the previous one, our line did fine work, but all other individual efforts were overshadowed by the work of "Country," who was the bulk of strength on defense as well as offense. Between him and Frazier, all of Western's forward passes were broken up, and the Red and White essayed to work this play an even dozen times. Morris scored both touchdowns, one on a line buck, and the other as the result of an end run.

## Tech-Central 0-0

On November 7 we met Central and held them to a 0-0 score, before one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed an inter-high school contest in this city. Although the field was ankle deep with mud and water, rendering fast work impossible, the game was the hardest fought and cleanest played of the series.



Few chances were given individuals to star, as each team had instructions to watch certain of the opponents who



had shown well in previous contests, and such chances as offered were spoiled by the slippery condition of the field. The notable exception to this statement was Morris. Although three Central men were playing him, "Country" pulled



off several long runs, and only his inability to dodge on the slippery field prevented him from scoring at least one touchdown. As it was, we seriously threatened Central's goal line on several occasions, but our own danger zone was entered but once. On this occasion the line arose to the demand of the "rooters" and "held them;" after which Morris booted the ball from behind the line.

Our team was outweighed in this game 15 pounds per man, and considering that it had been schooled to play an open style of game, such as was rendered impossible by the condition of the field, put up a very creditable exhibition, outplaying the Central team at all points of the game.

## Line-up:

Tech.	Positions.	Central.
McKinney.....	left end.....	Dyson
White, Gilbert.....	left tackle.....	King
Lewis.....	left guard.....	Chamberlain
Corwin.....	center.....	Stokes
Knight.....	right guard.....	L. Jones

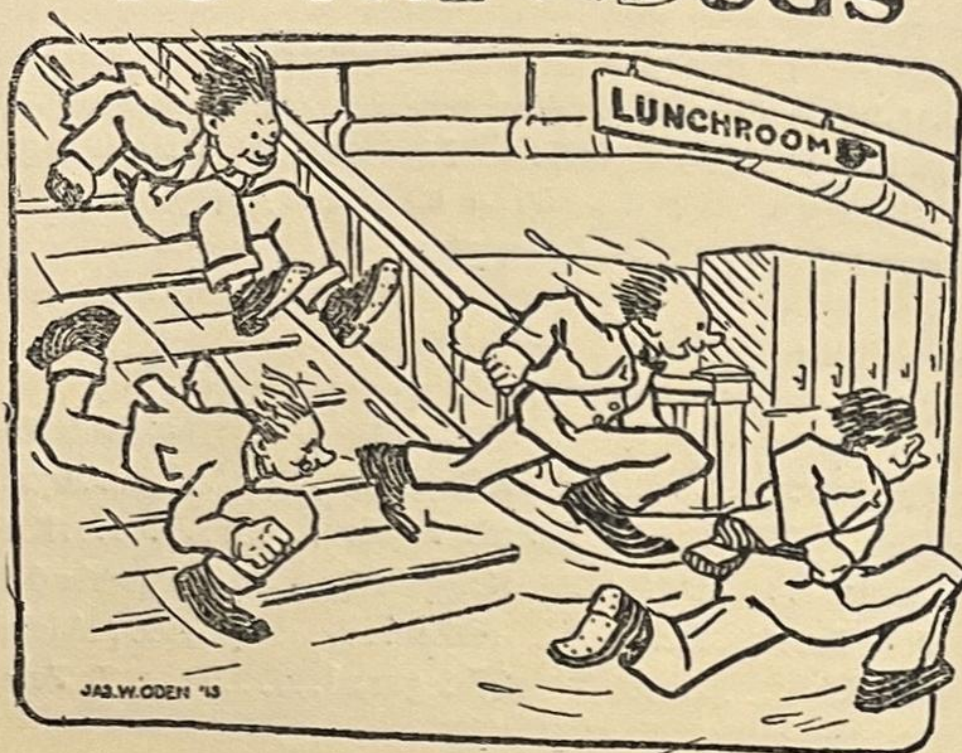


Smith.....	right tackle.....	Oberlin
Steed.....	right end..	Zapponi, McDonough
Morris (capt.).....	quarter back.....	Shoenfeld
Eckendorf.....	left half back.....	Reuter
Davis.....	right half back.....	Van Dyne
Frazier.....	full back.....	Hamilton (capt.)

### Tech-Business 22-0

The game with Business on November 14 resulted in a victory for Tech by a score of 22-0.

## TO THE (bot) DOGS





## Girls' Athletics

**A**FTER school on Monday, October 23, an enthusiastic party of Tech girls and teachers started out on the first school walk of the season. About thirty-five girls went, it was estimated, and five teachers, Miss Baldwin, Miss Muckenhaupt, Mrs. Colhoun, Miss Banta and Miss Solomons. A merrier party was never seen than that which boarded the car and rode out to the Zoo, where it had been decided, the walk was to begin. The Zoo grounds were soon left behind, and the walkers found themselves in Rock Creek Park. When, after a delightful walk, in a healthy glow from the exercise, the party was collected once more, every one was just tired enough to welcome the information that a car line was near, and just hungry enough to be glad that home and dinner were not far away. Everyone carried away as a souvenir her full share of mud, but nobody disputed Miss Whitney's right to the palm, when she sank in to her shoe tops.

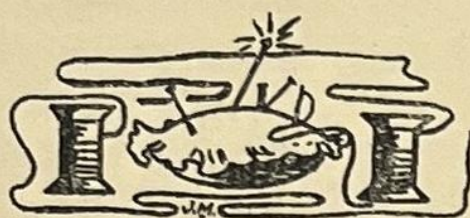
The first walk was so successful that the announcement that another would be held on Saturday, November 11, was hailed with delight. On the morning of the great day, which was proved to be lovely enough to surpass the expectations of even the most optimistic, about a dozen girls—mostly Freshmen, with a sprinkling of Seniors to lend dignity to the occasion—and Miss Dean, Miss Shipman, Miss Banta and Miss Birtwell, met in Georgetown.

A walk up Conduit road to Miss Dean's shack at Syracuse Island had been planned, and we started gayly off. The day could not have been finer, nor the view along the way prettier. Miss



Shipman and Miss Birtwell stopped along the way with some of the girls, to get a drink. They were soon left far behind, and what was the surprise of the other walkers, when they were discovered coming triumphantly along in an old farm wagon. Amid laughter, shouts and condescending nods from those in the wagon and remarks about coming on a walk and then riding, from the others, they were soon out of sight. It was a good five miles to Syracuse Island, and when the pretty spot was reached, every one was ravenous. Miss Cross, Miss Forbes, Miss McColm and her sister joined us at the shack. The lunches were gotten out, and when Miss Cross brought out some delicious cocoa, it was realized how fortunate it was that a Domestic Science teacher was on hand. It was surprising how fast the time went, and before any one knew it, it was time to start home.

It is too bad that comparatively so few of the girls take advantage of the walks. The teachers are so enthusiastic and take so much interest, that the least we can do is to go; and having gone once, every girl must succumb to the charm of the walking itself, as well as to the pleasant intimacy with which the members of the school are brought together.





## Orchestra

On September the twenty-sixth, the Tech orchestra started its weekly rehearsals and on Friday following, some of its members took part in the general athletic assemblage.

Mr. Lee Crandall, Jr., a well-known Washington violinist, has been secured as leader of the orchestra. He is an experienced musician and instructor and also a member of the faculty of the Washington College of Music. Mr. Crandall was educated at Brussels and Liepzig and continued his education in this country before he became a teacher.

The school is well represented, but there is yet need of new material; more members are wanted. Now, Freshmen, get busy. The future of school activities depends on you.

Every Tuesday at 2:30 the orchestra practices and it is the wish of the director that as many as are musically inclined should take advantage of the opportunities afforded to cultivate further their musical talents.

Those taking part under the competent leadership of Mr. Crandall are:

First violins: Messrs. J. W. Morecock, C<sup>o</sup>; Gibbons, B<sup>r</sup>; R. Schmidt, C<sup>o</sup>; and Winner, C<sup>o</sup>; second violins: Messrs. Glushack, D<sup>o</sup>; Bliss, B<sup>r</sup>; Johnson, B<sup>r</sup>; and Holmes, E<sup>r</sup>; Clarinet: Mr. R. S. Jackson, C<sup>o</sup>; flute: Mr. Steubenrauch, D<sup>o</sup>; cornets: Messrs. A. Daly, B<sup>r</sup>; M. Wrightsman, D<sup>o</sup>; Fadely, I<sup>r</sup>; and Bonar, a former member of the school; trombone: Mr. J. B. Weldon, B<sup>r</sup>; drums: Mr. White, our wood-turning teacher; bass violin: Mr. Garren, G<sup>r</sup>; concertmeister: Mr. L. S. Oppenheimer of B<sup>r</sup>; accompanist: Miss M. H. Chisholm, A<sup>o</sup>; and substitute accompanist: Mr. F. Jackson, B<sup>r</sup>.



## Rifle Notes

**T**HE prizes and medals for the Outdoor shoot were awarded at Central High School on Thursday, November 2, after Chapel exercises. Assistant Superintendent Thurston acted as chairman.

The Secretary of War was the first speaker. He presented the Secretary of War's cup to P. Gibson, of Tech.

The Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Davidson, presented the DuPont School Championship Cup to the Central team. He advocated rifle shooting and said that he hoped the shoots would be held every year, and promised his hearty support.

Capt. Oyster, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the Board of Education, presented the Chamber of Commerce championship medal to W. G. Wells, of Tech.

The Championship Club cup was presented by Gen. Bates, President of the National Rifle Association of America, to the Tech Rifle Club.

Other prominent speakers were Col. Ross, instructor of the High School cadets; Lieut. Jones, Secretary of the National Rifle Association; and Mr. Wilson, Principal of Central.

Permission to build a rifle range in the lunch room has been secured, and work on it started. It is the intention of the club to make the range one of the best in the city. With a good range, there should be no reason why Tech should not have a championship Indoor team. To do this, more candidates must come out for the team. Last year the club membership was 100; this year it is about 40. Join the club and try for the team!





**W**ITHIN the past month it has been possible to accomplish the first important step toward the selection of a debating team to represent Tech against Eastern. A debate open to the school was held Wednesday, November 1, from which the following were selected as a preliminary team: E. K. LeFevre, F. F. Nesbit, W. L. Saunders, G. C. Miller, Tom White, and H. E. Galleher. They immediately began working upon questions for debate, in order that the best possible one could be selected for submission to Eastern. The subject was finally chosen and submitted on Friday, November 17. Eastern has the choice of the affirmative or negative of this subject.

A few weeks ago the Agora accepted a plan for the organization of a mock-Senate, to convene after the regular business meetings of the Agora have been completed. The necessary officers were elected and committees appointed. The Senate is governed by the rules of the United States Senate, and no bill or resolution may be presented to it which might not be properly presented in the United States Senate. It is divided into political parties, each having a floor leader. Each member represents a designated



State, and it is his duty to look after the interests of this particular State. As a whole, the Senate is an exact imitation of the United States Senate. The plan will give more opportunity for open discussion than was formerly offered in the Agora, as well as being interesting and instructive.

It is probable that some of the members of the Senate who have declared themselves staunch supporters of the Socialists, may find this instruction very valuable, for judging by the gain of the Socialist party in the recent election, by the time one of our Senators is qualified, the Socialists may need another member in the real Senate of our Country.

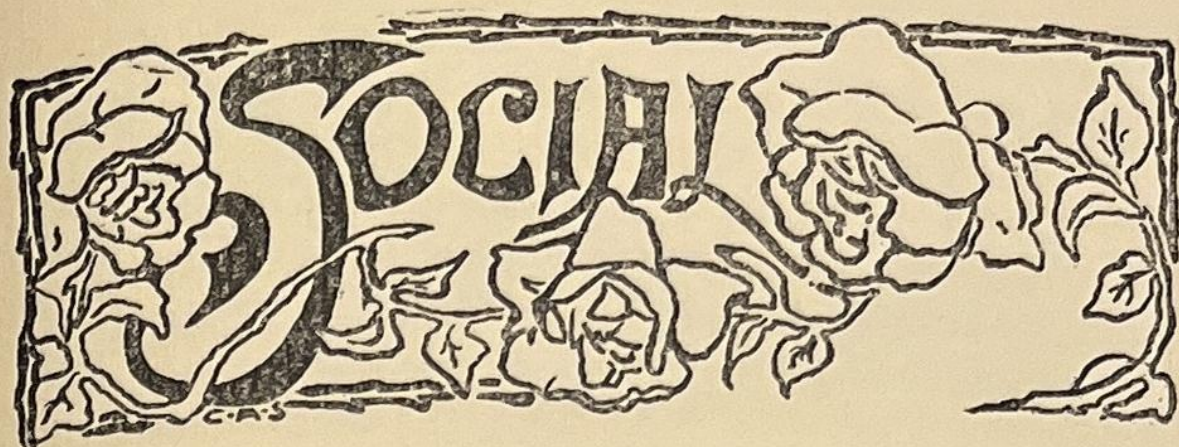
The Forum contemplates resolving itself into a mock House of Representatives, under similar conditions as exist in the Agora, with reference to the Senate. This we believe would be most beneficial to both societies, as it might be possible for the two organizations to carry on joint business.

By now the Forum has been molded into an exceptionally strong society. Some of its characteristic features are that a large percentage of its membership is composed of girls, and that its entire membership is drawn practically from the three lower classes. On all debates, the girls have taken an active part and have shown themselves to be very well qualified for this work.

Those who have never before taken any part in debating can also find something which they can do to help it along. Do not feel that because you are not in one of the upper classes you are not qualified or needed.

If you wish to realize something of benefit for yourself as well as help the school, join one of the debating societies.



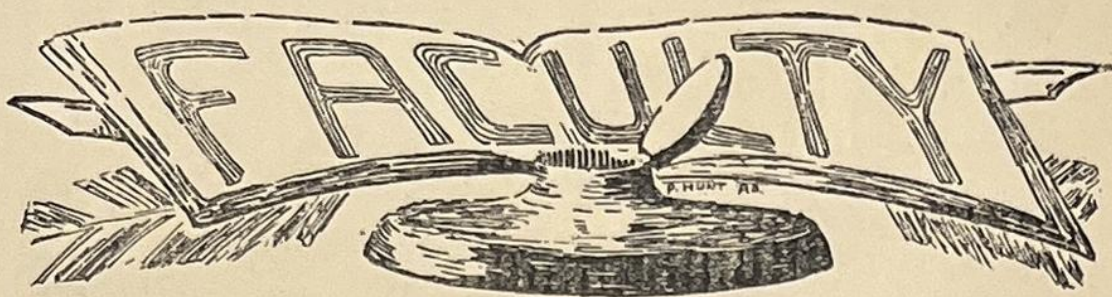


**S**ECTION A gave a very enjoyable Hallowe'en party at Vacation Club in Cherrydale. The bungalow was artistically decorated with appropriate things for Hallowe'en. At the car the guests were met by a witch, who conducted them to the party. This witch, whose hypnotic powers were most wonderful, was the feature of the evening. Under her powers the guests barked, sang and danced, Miss Dean making a decided hit by dancing a jig. Mr. Appel introduced the game of "It," which afforded a great deal of amusement. Toasted marshmallows, hot chocolate and cake were served at the close of the evening. Miss Dean and Miss Forbes were the chaperones.

After the Tech-Central game, everyone came up to school and had a royal celebration. Speeches were made by Mr. Daniel, "Uncle Louie," Mr. Hecox, Mr. Smith and each member of the team, but owing to the modesty of the football players, their speeches were not very lengthy. After the singing of the school song, the rest of the evening was spent in dancing.

The most important dance of the season is the "Regimental." It will be held on Friday evening, December 22, 1911, at the Arlington. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.





**S**EVERAL faculty committees have been appointed. The HAND AND MIND committee consists of Miss Stauffer, Mrs. Doherty and Mr. Medford. The Debate committee consists of Miss Baldwin, Miss Marsh and Miss Deal.

On the Athletic committee there are Mr. Smith, Mr. Mattern, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Hecox, Mr. Birch, Miss Dennis, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Clafin.

The members of the Girls' Athletics committee are Miss Dennis, Miss Baldwin, Miss Cross, Mrs. Colhoun, Miss Solomons, and Miss Dalton.

The committee on Music consists of Mrs. Hildreth, Miss Sewall, and Miss Athey.

The members of the Program committee are Miss Deal, Mr. Many, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Bruce, Miss Cross.

The College Entrance committee consists of Mr. Smith and Miss Marsh.

The Cadet committee has for its members Mr. Adams, Mr. Rippey, and Mr. Marsh.

Miss Ellis is the faculty advisor on Dramatics.

The High School Teachers' Association is represented by Miss Daly, Miss Christiansen, Miss Deal, and Mr. Woodward.





**W**E have not a very large list of exchanges, but whatever they lack in numbers is doubly repaid to us in their quality.

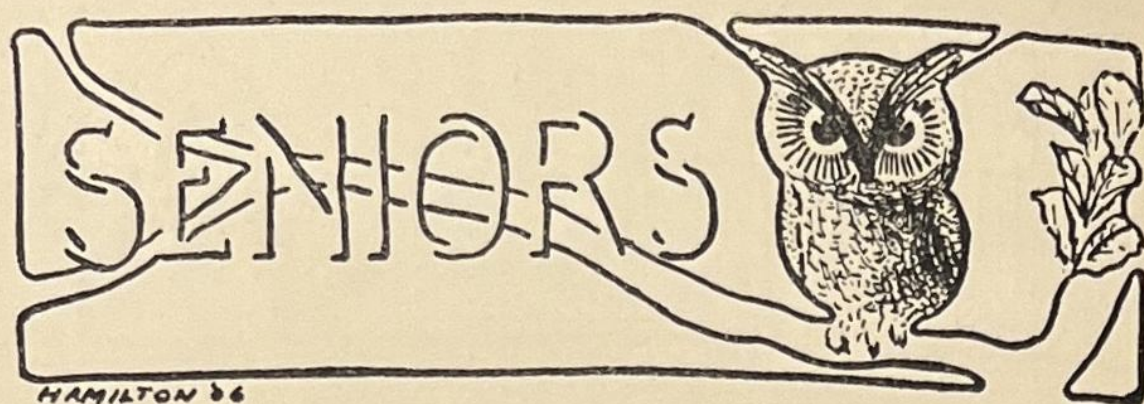
The "Balance Sheet" from Business steadily improves. The cover design is commendable, as are the rest of the drawings, but had we not started to ramble through the "ads," we should have missed half of the paper, as it is divided in the center by two full-page advertisements. This greatly detracts from the artistic effect of a very good issue.

The "Review" from Central is probably the best all-around local paper on our exchange table. A number of good stories and poems and plenty of jokes, along with complete school notes, headed with good cuts, make an interesting number.

From a literary point of view, our friends from "across the creek" sent us the best issue of the month. One or two more cuts, "Western," with a new cover design, will put your competitors out of the race.

Among our best out-of-town exchanges is the "Caliper," Stuyvesant High School, New York. Four or five good stories and poems, interesting school notes, and a number of cuts, make a very complete and well-balanced paper.





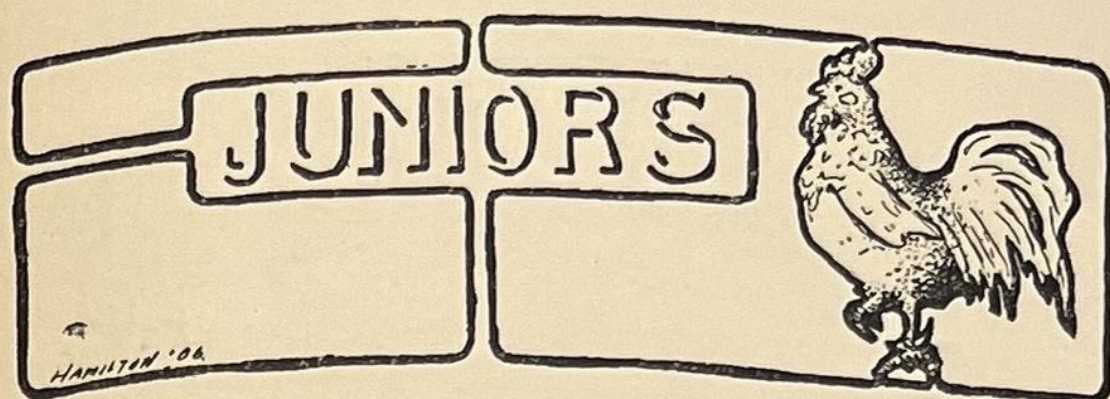
Baker and Hourwich, the partly photographic pair, recently returned to school with a hair-cut between them. As this is probably the last time such an event will occur while they are members of McKinley school, all Seniors take note.

Austin and Bennett walking down Seventh Avenue; Keefer walks swiftly by; Austin and Bennett in duet: "Won't you join us?" Keefer: "No, I'm not a minister."

Klopfer, the Kourageous, appeared at the Central celebration in English shoes, English suit, and English dip, and yet he eats vegetable soup for lunch.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—We do not expect that Seniors or anybody else will think these notes funny. They are not intended to be funny, but they serve to illustrate to what lengths we will go to fill up space. If no jokes are received, no jokes can be published. It is up to the Seniors to put some jokes in the **HAND AND MIND** box. Get busy!





Miss M: "What is the difference between 'horen' and 'reden?'"

Moran: "'Reden' means to talk, while 'horen' means to speak."

A few of the questions D<sup>s</sup> is debating:

If Moran carried Miss Foster who would Carrigan?

If Lawrence should steal Miss Foster's book, who would Roberts?

In speaking of the race—If Moran would Baldwin?

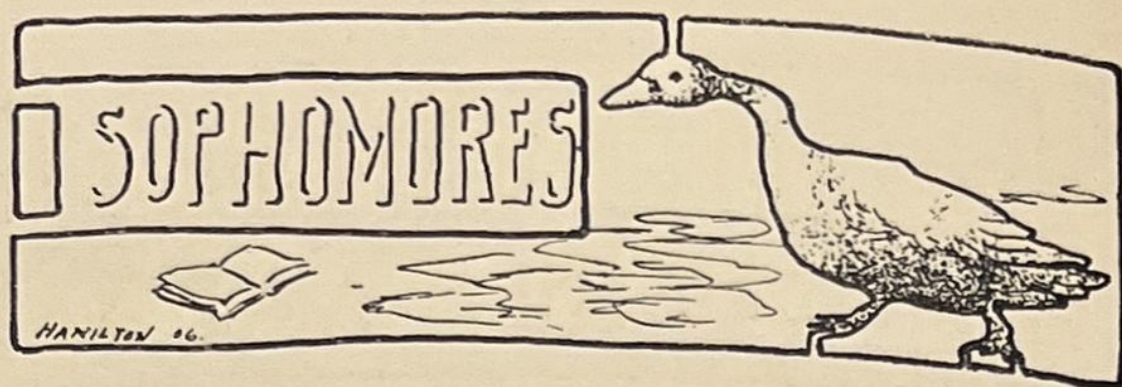
D<sup>s</sup> is worked overtime because, when its M. S. teacher is present, Noble (no bell) is there.

Mr. B (in study hall): "Whew!"

Mrs. Colhoun: "Are you warm, Mr. B?"

Mr. B: "No, I just finished my Daly English lesson."





Mr. Brooke (talking to Mr. Adams): "What kind of a current does a dry battery give, direct or alternating?"

Miss Hartman: "What does 'would that he was alive' show?"  
Mr. Felt: "Shows that he was dead."

Miss Mitchell (A' Geometry): "If lines CD and KL are equal, they must fall on top of each other."

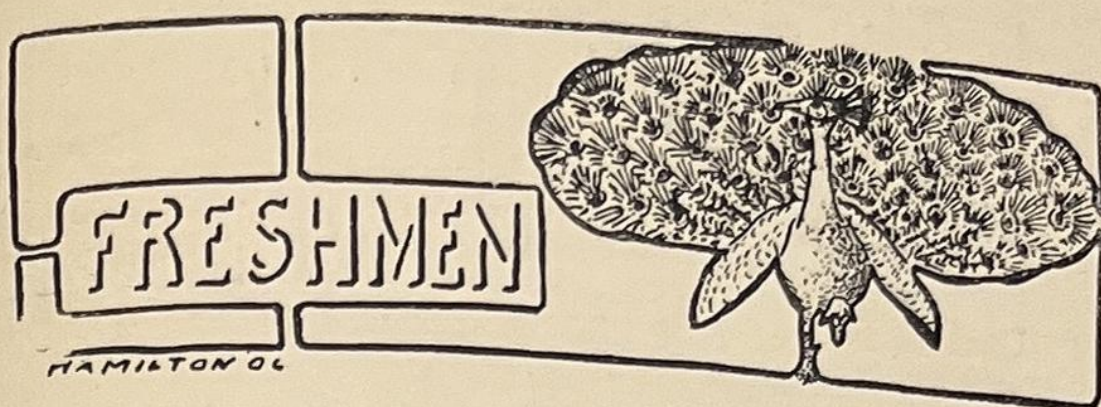
Kisseleff, in English (writing a sentence on the board): "A carriage came on, drawn by a single horse full of girls."

Dr. Hedrick: "You boys and girls don't get out of the laboratory all that's in it."

If oxygen hides in water, where will manganese dioxide?

Quick, Loeffler, bring on the sausages.





Miss Christiansen: "What kind of a noun is head?"  
Mr. B: "Concrete."  
Voice in the rear: "Solid ivory."

Miss Banta (in D<sup>2</sup> history, to Mr. J.): "Who were the Patricians?"  
Mr. J: "Men with fathers."

Who can deny that the Freshmen are ingenious after reading over the simplified (?) spelling of Psyche in second semester English:

Psyke  
Phyche  
Psique  
Physcie

Pchyscie  
Physce  
Syche  
Physic

Mr. Many: "Draw this design in artistic rectangles."  
Greeve: "What did he say to draw?"  
Floating Voice: "Aw, draw your breath."



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This little rhyme is very bad,  
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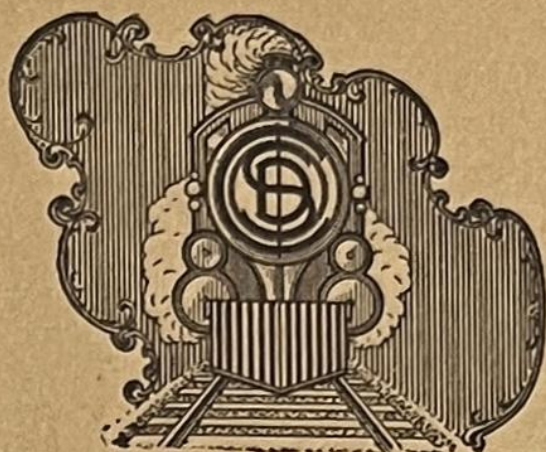
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